

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## A Rebel Victory.

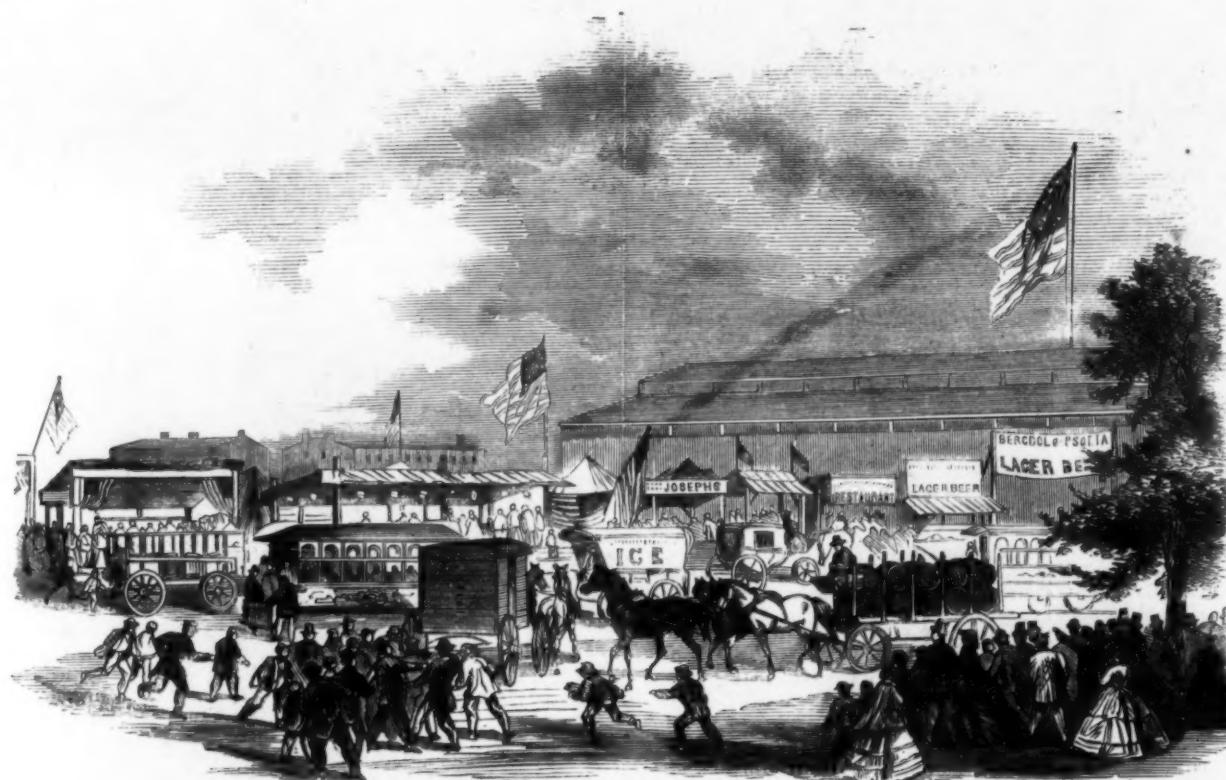
An election for certain State and county officers has just taken place in Kentucky, and has resulted in the election of out-and-out rebels for every important position. In some cases, where the candidates were accused of not having been thorough-going traitors and active participants in the rebellion, they were obliged to bring evidence to show that the charge of sympathizing with the Union in its peril was groundless. The candidate for Judge in Daviess county pronounced the charge that he had been false to the rebel cause as "malignicous, mean, and false." And he produced and published certificates from prominent rebels to prove that he had been a persistent and consistent traitor. He was, of course, elected.

The "victory" in Kentucky is claimed to be a "Democratic

triumph," and the Democracy, or any other party, is welcome to any glory that may result from the humiliation of the Union cause. The notorious Vallandigham was one of the speakers on the successful side; and we are told that during his speech at Louisville he made reference to McClellan, Buell, Lee, Johnston, Grant, and Sherman as being names that belonged to the nation in common. At the mention of the names of Lee and Johnston one wild and prolonged yell echoed through the house for at least five minutes, but at the mention of Grant and Sherman one universal strain of hisses rang out sharp and clear for the same length of time.

Well may the Louisville *Journal* deplore, in shame and sorrow, the disgraceful result in Kentucky. It says truly:

"Kentucky, and the



THE GREAT NATIONAL UNION CONVENTION AT PHILADELPHIA—THE SCENE ON GIRARD AVENUE, ADJOINING THE WIGWAM.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHELL.—SEE PAGE 375.



HON. JAMES R. DOOLITTLE, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL UNION CONVENTION.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY & CO.



MAJOR-GEN. JOHN A. DIX, TEMP. CHAIRMAN OF THE NATIONAL UNION CONVENTION.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY & CO.

Southern people, and the Republic, will bitterly rue and deeply curse the unnatural and deplored work of Monday. This Secession victory, with its concomitants and Memphis and New Orleans antecedents, will, in all human probability, lead to a train of events that will establish negro suffrage throughout the whole Southern States within two years and a half, or three years at furthest."

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 1, 1866.

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### The New Orleans Outrage.

For three weeks the country has stood aghast in view of the bloody doings of the 30th of July in New Orleans. An event of so terrible import as that which then took place cannot be passed over in silence in these columns. If we have abstained from comment or criticism, it has been from a desire to avoid any hasty or unjust conclusion as to the origin and purpose of the so-called riot, and above all, to be sure on whom its fearful responsibility must rest.

We have now before us the numerous, conflicting, partial and frequently exaggerated accounts of the affair that have found their way into print, and have faithfully and impartially analyzed them, educing what we believe to be the simple truth in the premises.

In the first place it must be understood that Louisiana is what is called in the somewhat vague political language of the day a "reconstructed" State. In other words, she has been assumed on all hands to have a regularly organized State Government, existing, vital and recognized, taking its origin in a Convention held in 1864, and which adopted a State constitution prohibiting slavery, etc., etc. That Convention was elected and held while some portions of the State were either under rebel control or influence, and its members were mainly, if not wholly, from the districts protected by the Union armies. There is no pretense that it represented the whole State, any more than that Gov. Pierpont was elected by the people of the whole of Virginia, or represents as Governor a majority of them. The Convention grew, as did Pierpont's Governorship, out of the exigencies of the times, when affairs were in an anomalous state, and was therefore somewhat anomalous in character.

Not more so, however, than the State Government of Tennessee, which President Johnson assisted to organize. In times of war and commotion, it always happens that many things are done and accepted as final, which, at other times, would be deemed irregular and revolutionary, as, for instance, the erection of the State of West Virginia.

The Convention, from some or many motives, and among these probably the consciousness that it did not represent the whole State, and that its final action should not be taken until the whole State was represented in its body, instead of adjourning *sine die*, after forming a Constitution, adjourned to meet at the call of its presiding officer. The Convention also anticipated that, with the suppression of the rebellion, the General Government would impose some conditions to the rehabilitation of the States, which would require additional modifications of the Constitution. Rightly or wrongly, they considered it their duty to retain their hold on the work of their hands, with a view to its perfection, in consonance with anticipated changes of circumstances.

The legality or propriety of this reservation of its powers by the Convention, is a question on which men may honestly differ, and which would, probably, in due course, have come up for decision before the competent judicial tribunal. At any rate, the anticipations of the Convention were realized; Congress passed certain amendments of the Constitution, and made their acceptance a condition precedent to the admission of the representatives of the late rebel States in their body. The Convention was consequently called on to reassemble, and the Governor of the State, the legality of whose election has not been called in question, in order that the whole State might be represented in that body when it met, issued his warrant for the election of delegates in the districts not previously represented.

The Convention was to meet on the 30th of July.

Now what was the posture of affairs in New Orleans at that date? The city was as essentially in the hands of the rebels as at the date of its capture by Gen. Butler, with the exception that there was a small United States force stationed in its vicinity, and whose presence alone made the lives of Union men at all safe. The same blatant, blustering Mayor Munroe,

who was Mayor at the time of the capture of the city, and whose offensive conduct after that event resulted in his close confinement in Fort Jackson, was again Mayor, by the votes of returned rebels. One of the most obnoxious of the generals in the Southern army was Sheriff; and the police was made up of men who had graduated in the rebel army.

These men, sustained by the whole rebel rabble of the city and State, resolved that the Convention should not meet, and the Mayor issued a proclamation against it, and undertaking to denounce it as "unlawful," proposed to "disperse" it, and to "hold its members accountable to existing municipal laws!" The astounding impudence of this Mayor is unparalleled even in the extraordinary history of rebel pretension! Who constituted him judge of a body elected lawfully, and to which not less than sixty members were to be added, under writs of election issued by the acknowledged Governor of the State? Not alone this, but the unrepentant and still insolent traitor, with the smell of the casemates of Fort Jackson still in his garments, and his heart full of the black blood of rebel hate, proposed not only to "disperse," but punish the body of men who framed the very constitution under which he lived and his State had an organized existence!

The purpose of the Mayor, however, was stayed by significant words addressed to him by Gen. Baird, commanding the Military Department of Louisiana, as follows:

"If these persons assemble, as you say is intended, it will be, I presume, in virtue of the universally conceded right of all loyal citizens to meet peaceably and discuss freely questions concerning their civil Government, a right which is not restricted by the fact that the movement proposed might terminate in a change of existing institutions.

"If the assemblage in question has the legal right to remodel the State Government, it should be protected in so doing; if it has not, then its labors must be looked upon simply as a harmless pleasure, to which no one ought to object. As to your conception of the duty imposed by your oath of office, I regret to differ from you entirely. I cannot understand how the Mayor of a city can undertake to decide so important and delicate a question as the legal authority upon which a Convention claiming to represent the people of an entire State bases its action."

"This, doubtless, will, in due time, be properly decided "upon the legal branch of the United States Government. At all events, the Governor of the State would seem to be more directly called upon to take the initiative in a step of this kind if it was proper and necessary."

Mr. Mayor Munroe understood well enough that this cool and carefully-worded response meant that he must neither "disperse the Convention, or hold its members accountable" to any interpretation of laws of his own; and it appears probable that after this the Convention would have met and peacefully transacted its business, on the legality of which, had it been called in question, the competent tribunals would have duly decided.

But, unfortunately, sadly for the country, there were in Washington, enjoying an easy access to the Presidential ear, a group of traitors as unrepentant, rancorous and unscrupulous as Munroe himself. One of them, named King, editor of the traitorous New Orleans *Times*, and another named Rozier, seem to have been active accomplices in Washington of the Mayor in New Orleans. What their representations to the President were, may be inferred from their dispatches, which will appear further on. They appear to have fully prepared him for a dispatch forwarded on the 27th by Lieutenant-Governor Voorhies, who telegraphed the President that in his belief "the agents of the law [Munroe & Co.] would be prevented [by the military, see extracts from Gen. Baird's letter] from arresting members of this illegal assemblage unless definite instructions were received from Washington."

The answer to this dispatch was characterized by the traitorous *Times* as "prompt, clear and emphatic," and was as follows:

"WASHINGTON, July 28, 1866.  
ALBERT VOORHIES, Lieutenant-Governor of Louisiana:  
"The military will be expected to sustain, and not interfere with the proceedings of the courts. A dispatch on the subject of the Convention was sent to Governor Wells this morning."

ANDREW JOHNSON."

The dispatch to Gov. Wells here referred to, and the reply to it were, as follows:

"WASHINGTON, July 28, 1866.  
To His Excellency GOVERNOR WELLS:  
"I have been advised that you have issued a proclamation convening the Convention elected in 1864. Please inform me under and by what authority this has been done, and by what authority this Convention can assume to represent the whole people of the State of Louisiana."

ANDREW JOHNSON."

STATE OF LOUISIANA,  
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, NEW ORLEANS, {  
July 28, 1866.  
To His Excellency ANDREW JOHNSON, President of the  
United States:

"Your telegram is received. I have not issued any order convening the Convention of 1864. The Convention was reconvened by the president of that body, by virtue of a resolution authorizing him to do so, and that event for him to call on the proper officers of the State to issue writs of election for delegates in unrepresented parishes. My proclamation was issued in response to that call. As soon as vacancies can be ascertained they will be filled, and then the whole State will be represented in the Convention."

J. MADISON WELLS, Governor."

Great was the elation of Mayor Munroe and his ruffian allies, as they proclaimed exultantly through the streets that "the President was with them," and that now the Convention should not meet. The Mayor at once proceeded to organize and arm his confederates under the name of "special police," and a con-

tract was made by his tool, "the chief of police," with a firm formerly holding a contract with Jeff Davis, to supply him with arms, to furnish the populace with pistols. Everything was made ready to commit the very deed of horror which was enacted on the 30th.

But there were still to get out of the way not only Gen. Baird but Gov. Wells, the acknowledged, lawful Governor of the State, (and so recognized by the President), and to whom alone belonged the right of "dispensing" any "unlawful assembly" seeking to overthrow or usurp the powers of the State. It was as imperative to set him aside as it was to bind and fetter Gen. Baird "by definitive instructions from Washington." How was this to be done?

It could be done only by one power, and by that only through the most startling assumptions. In the name of "the Law and the Constitution," and with an emphatic denunciation of "usurpation," the President of the United States suspended the functions of the lawful Governor of Louisiana, and conferred them on the Attorney-General of the State—a man holding his position under authority derived primarily from the very Convention which a petty Mayor undertook to pronounce "unlawful."

The dispatch of the President was as follows:

"WASHINGTON, July 30, 1866.

To ANDREW S. HERRON, Attorney-General of Louisiana:  
"You will call on Gen. Sheridan, or whoever may be in command, for sufficient force to sustain the civil authorities in suppressing all illegal or unlawful assemblies who usurp or assume to exercise any power or authority without first having obtained the consent of the people of the State. The people must be first consulted in changing the organized laws of the State. Usurpation will not be tolerated. The law and the Constitution must be sustained, and thereby peace and order."

ANDREW JOHNSON."

The delight with which the knowledge that this dispatch had been sent was received by the treasonable accomplices of Mayor Munroe may be inferred from the exultant telegrams sent by them to New Orleans:

"WASHINGTON, July 30—9:30 P.M.

"J. Ad. Rozier and myself had an interview with the President, according to appointment, at eight this evening. He read my dispatch from your city, and I found that he was fully informed in regard to the riot in New Orleans."

"An Executive order is now being made out, addressed to Attorney-General Herren, investing him with authority to put down all disturbances of the public peace, arrest all persons assuming to set up a new government, and to call upon the military, if necessary, to insure the execution of his orders. This is positive and entirely reliable."

W. H. C. KING."

"WASHINGTON, July 30, 1866.

JUDGES J. N. LEWIS:  
"Just called on the President with King, editor of the *Times*. The President will send a dispatch to the Attorney-General to put down all disturbances of the public peace, suppress any assemblage of persons getting up any pretended government, and call on the military authorities for aid."

"All right and bright. Publish this in *Times*.

J. AD. ROZIER."

The conspirators took new courage under these cheering assurances, and perfected their half-abandoned plans. The Attorney-General, instead of calling on Gen. Baird to send into the city a force sufficient to prevent disturbance, as he was authorized to do by the President, lent himself to the schemes of the Mayor. To give the rioters ample time to accomplish their work without interruption, he falsely represented to Gen. Baird that the Convention would not meet until late in the afternoon—well knowing that the meditated murderous work would, meantime, be over.

The Convention met according to call, only to be wantonly assaulted, dispersed, and its members murdered, amid cheers for Jeff Davis, and furtive displays of the rebel flag. The vengeance of the mob, organized and armed by the Mayor, was not limited to the white men comprising the Convention, but expanded into a general raid on the negroes, who were hunted and killed as if they were wolves, under every circumstance of atrocity. We refrain from copying all the horrible details, as given by witnesses, and limit ourselves to a few extracts from the New Orleans correspondence of the *Times* of this city, against which paper, in its new affiliations, no charge of partisan exaggeration can be made. It says:

"The affair commenced at 12:45, and, lasting three hours, ended at 3:45. It did not end until every negro and white man in the institute where the Convention met had been either killed or wounded and captured, with the exception of three or four whites. As there were over one hundred men of both classes in the building, and about fifty wounded outside, the total casualties will amount to one hundred and twenty-five, of whom forty were killed or have since died from their wounds."

"On Common, Baronne, Dryades, St. Charles, Rampart and Carondelet streets, freedmen were murdered by the police and the mob in cold blood. Standing in the door of the telegraph on Carondelet street, I saw about two hundred men chasing one negro along the sidewalk. Six policemen were nearest to him, and in advance of his pursuers. They emptied their revolvers into his back; and finally another one, when he was near enough to his victim to lay his hand on his shoulder, shot him in the head, and he fell dead in an agony. Another freedman, trying to escape from the institute, was climbing over a fence, when I saw him fall from a policeman's shot. As he struck the ground, at least a dozen police and rioters surrounded him and fired their pistols into his head and breast, at the same time pounding him with clubs and canes. The blood flew from his wounds in a spray, covering his entire face; but they continued their brutal assault until he breathed his last, although he several times raised his feeble and wounded arms to gesticulate for the mercy his tongue could not ask for. I saw a white man draw a stiletto and strike it into the heart of a dying negro on Common street. The blood spurted out in great red jets, staining the murderer's clothing, face and hands. He got up and displayed the gory marks, as though they were proud emblems of a praiseworthy deed. These and other incidents which I saw, suffice to show you how the freedmen were treated in a majority of cases."

"The police impressed the baggage-wagons of an express firm in this city to carry off the dead. One load, consisting of eight or ten bodies, had two living men at the bottom. They were wounded, and perhaps would have died; but they had life enough left in them to struggle for air. An eye-witness, whose name I can furnish, says that a policeman mounted the cart, and shooting his revolver down between the bodies on the top, killed the poor fellows, with one shot for each. The fiendish thirst for blood which seemed to possess some of the rioters was too brutal for even the imagination of a savage. Their eyes gleamed with it, and rolled in their sockets; their tongues protruded from their mouths, parched and shriveled, almost, and their voices grew husky from demoniac yells. I have no doubt but that some of the policemen and rioting whites were wounded by members of their own party, as some of them seemed possessed with a desire to shoot at human beings regardless of caste, color or sex. No females were hurt; that I know of. Houses were pillaged, but the owners were mostly confined to the immediate vicinage of the institute. One man in a livery stable deliberately took up a rifle and killed a negro who ran through the door looking for a place of refuge."

"It is impossible to give you any more details than I have without going beyond the limits of my desire to furnish only authoritative statements. I saw with my own eyes almost everything that I have described, and have responsible witnesses for all the rest. I have not accepted any rumors; but as I was fortunately 'on the spot,' I am able to give you the facts."

The estimate made by this correspondent of the killed and wounded falls far below the truth. About one hundred were killed, and upward of two hundred wounded.

We have only to add the following extract from a private letter of a resident in New Orleans, who served with distinction in the rebel army during the war:

"The substance of my knowledge of the riot is that it was a premeditated affair, on the part of Monroe and his associates, to murder colored people, which they succeeded in doing to the number of one hundred killed and two hundred wounded."

Altogether the New Orleans outrage was only a repetition of the affair at Memphis, in which forty-six negroes and two whites were killed, seventy-five wounded, and four churches, twelve school-houses and one hundred cabins burned.

Reflecting, Christian people in the South should see to it that affairs like those of New Orleans and Memphis be not repeated; and that malignants like Monroe never again be entrusted with power. And above all, it behoves those in authority, from the President downward, to see to it that no act or language of theirs shall be used or abused to foment or give color to crimes unparalleled in atrocity by the blackest acts of the French Revolution.

### Canada.

It is no new thing for persons who disclaim desires which the world persists in attributing to them, to be told that "the grapes are sour." Energetic protests of indifference are regarded as a species of hypocrisy, and it is as hard to prove your disinterestedness as it is in logic to prove a negative. The position is worse when your antagonists have some show of reason on their side; when, for example, the object which, they insist, is the secret but unavowed desire of your heart, has, on a superficial view, some great advantages in itself, but is placed beyond your reach by some obstacles not easy to overcome. In that case, the very earnestness of the disclaimer is but another proof, not of the absence of such aspirations, but of the intensity of the desire to conceal them. Your moderation may be praised, but it is at the expense of your sincerity.

Under such circumstances, the only appeal from words which are discredited, is to a consistent course of conduct, of which the intent and meaning cannot be doubted; and this is, we conceive, at the present moment, very much the position of the United States toward Canada. Our detractors persist in crying aloud that we, as a nation, are bent on territorial aggrandizement, and our absorption of the great West is pointed out as a proof of an omnivorous appetite. They argue, that if Idaho, Utah, and the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, are of value to us, so much the more should we prize a fertile territory lying on our northern frontier, through which runs the great river that is the natural outlet to our North-Western States.

As evidence of our intolerance of neighbors who are not of our own political family, the old story of Texas is trumped up; while as to our restlessness and desire to meddle with the affairs of other people who chance to live near us, we are gravely told that Lopez and other filibusters only represented national cravings which it was the policy of the Government to disown, at least for a time. If we answer that such arguments are inconclusive, because the analogies on which they are based are incomplete, and that such assumptions as to national character and tendencies are not warranted, being only founded on the acts of a few lawless individuals, such as always hang on the outskirts of all large societies, we are still met with an airy sort of assertion that all this may be very true, but that it is very well known to the world that, in spite of the assumed indifference of the United States, they have an intense longing for the acquisition of Canada. We should feel inclined to protest against such accusations, if they were worth while; but, as we said before, there are certain circumstances in which protests are of no use, and this is one of them. Yet, if it were possible, we should like to convince our half-brothers on the other side

of the lakes that, if the people of the United States have any feelings at all about Canada, they are certainly not those of covetousness of her territory. We have that kind of regard for them, that we should like to be able to restore to them their usual tranquility, which the Fenian disturbances interfered with so sadly.

Having been hastily, and we must say, rather cruelly roused from their normal state of inactivity, we are afraid our semi-somnolent neighbors magnify into an enemy every phenomenon they observe in our social or political world. We should like to be able to lull their fears, and to demonstrate to them the fact that little that goes on in the United States has any reference, either immediate or contingent, to the narrow strip of cultivated land skirting the northern sides of our lakes. It might scarcely be kind to the Canadians to desire a full return of their lethargic habits, but while they are aroused, they may pardon us for wishing they would be more observant than heretofore of what the rest of the world is doing. There are interests superior to theirs, which occupy the attention of mankind.

As a nation, we have almost reached that desirable point when the praise or blame of others ceases to affect us. So long as we know we are right, we can see with indifference our manners and actions derided, and our motives misunderstood, confident that in the not far-distant future full justice will be done to us. Our enemies had persistently accused us of a restlessness, or what phrenologists call, acquisitiveness, which made us very unpleasant, if not dangerous neighbors. They would not understand the difference between our fencing in the unappropriated lands of the West, and seizing territory and population together, as is now the fashion in Europe. Perhaps we shall be better understood a few years hence. If the late war has taught us our strength, it has also shown our magnanimity. Surely, in face of the proceedings in Europe, the taunt against us of removing "our neighbors' landmarks" must lose its sting. If Canada had been of the slightest value to us, we had received provocation enough to have seized it; or if we had not disdained to employ the arts taught to the world by the nephew of his uncle, there was room enough in the late disturbed condition of the province to have done toward it what France did to Savoy and Nice, and probably with no greater subsequent trouble. But we do not want Canada, and the sooner the Canadians know and appreciate the fact, the better it will be for them. Within our own possessions we have room for carving out many more States, so rich in mineral and agricultural wealth, that Canada is a desert compared to them. Emigration will not flow to a country sealed up by ice for six months in the year—it flows toward us, and thrives in the genial homes we can offer. What do we want with the fringe of the Arctic zone, while the riches and comforts of the Temperate zone are at our command?

And even supposing that, for other reasons, the possession of Canada were a geographical necessity for us, we do not want the Canadians also. In some respects, it is rather a misfortune than otherwise that we speak a common language. There is, therefore, no tone of speech or shade of expression such as they habitually use to convey their assumed superiority over us which our ears are not quick to catch. If we do not resent the silly airs these provincials give themselves, it is because we regard them with the indulgence granted by a metropolis to cousins from a cathedral city, or society to the sons of bishops. Their affections are looked upon as the misfortunes of their birth and breeding, and it is hoped that time and the cessation of the benighting influence they were born under will work their cure. But we do not want political affiliation with populations all of whose prejudices are opposed to ours, and whose manners and social habits are totally dissimilar to our own. Perhaps in these respects they may be our superiors. We are not going to dispute the point—it is a matter of too great unconcern; all we know is, that radical differences exist, and we will not be annoyed by too close an intercourse with people who give themselves airs. If the Canadians should choose to leave their hyperborean abodes and emigrate to some of our fertile Territories, their deserted lands—except in some favored spots in the Upper Province—would lapse into primitive barbarism, or be frequented only by the sportsman or tourist; and the only inducement the United States could have to assume supremacy of the region, would be to guard the mouth of the St. Lawrence on the north, in the same manner and with the same design as the Mississippi is guarded on the south.

Let our Canadian friends, then, resign themselves to their unhappy fate. They cannot enter into our society. They can scarcely agree among themselves. They are barely tolerated by the mother country, to whom they are a nuisance and an expense. They are the Switzerland of this continent—not worth dividing, and not worth quarreling about, and they preserve their independence simply on

condition of their good behavior. The theory of gravitation, applied to politics, assumes that the larger bodies attract and absorb the smaller; but if metaphors may be used as arguments, it must be remembered that centripetal motion is opposed by the centrifugal, and that while large bodies, in their revolutions, attract other and lighter bodies to themselves, they, at the same time, repel those lying on the edge, as it were, of their orbits. The United States cannot fail to influence all the nationalities surrounding it. While some are drawn in and absorbed, others may be repelled, and it is those most distant by associations and education who will suffer this latter unhappy fate. The moral of this the Canadians may lay to their hearts.

In "A Rebel War Clerk's Diary at the Confederate Capital," just published by Lippincott & Co., we have some curious glimpses of men and things in the "burst up" Confederacy. The War Clerk deplores the loss of some of his papers, and says: "Among them are some of the veto messages of President Tyler, and many letters from him, Gov. Wise, etc. With the latter I had a correspondence in 1856, showing that this blow would probably have been struck then, if Fremont had been elected." Jones, it should be explained, was organ-grinder to Tyler when that worthy Johnsonized from the Whig party. At the opening of '65 the difficulty of finding recruits caused Davis to turn his attention to the proposal for black soldiers. "The proposition," runs the diary, Jan. 1, 1865, "to organize an army of negroes gains friends, because the owners of the slaves are no longer willing to fight themselves; at least, they are not as 'eager for the fray' as they were in 1861; and the armies must be replenished, or else the slaves will certainly be lost." For months before the date of this last entry the mean whites had imitated the superior classes in shirking their military obligations, and, in some cases, recruits were actually brought in chains to Gen. Lee. On the 10th of April, 1864, the writer says: "To-day I saw two conscripts from Western Virginia conducted to the cars (going to Lee's army) in chains. It made a chill shoot through my breast."

The spirit of Union is breaking down all party and sectional lines in Northern and even Southern Germany. The late Minister of State, Baron Von Rogenbach, has written to Bismarck: "I can have no hesitation in offering you my services, provided the work—the unity of Germany—is carried out with a high hand." The invitation by the Emperor of Austria to Napoleon to intervene in a German quarrel is considered a treachery, and in Bavaria, Baden, and Wurtemburg, the middle class now declares that Prussia is the only honestly German Power. This feeling is also perceptible, we are told, in Vienna, where men by no means too Liberal declare that they have been taxed and oppressed for fifty years only to ask the grace of the Frenchman at last. "Adhesions" from the South are constantly reaching Berlin, and even the Viennese at last realize that they are to be turned out of Germany, and writh under the prospect of Slavonic ascendancy.

The whole number of pedestrian visitors to the Central Park for the year 1865, was 3,219,000; the number of equestrians, 98,300; of carriages, 1,425,000.

"THERE is no Abraham Lincoln now!" was Mr. Vallandigham's exultant exclamation, when stumping Kentucky on behalf of the rebel ticket, recently elected. And the red-handed mob which he addressed shouted a gleeful response.

#### TOWN GOSSIP.

SIRIUS is a very benevolent deity this year, commiserating our poor mortality and withholding the usual rigors of his reign. He has thrown aside his fiery apparel and put on robes of a subdued cast, whereat we, who have been accustomed to class the dog-days among the *dies irae* of one's experience, takes courage, and as we find the summer gently passing away, feel that one's lot is by no means an unenviable one. Such charming summer weather as has been vouchsafed to us during this month of August is a rarity worthy of especial remark, and city and country alike rejoice in its invigorating salubrity.

The police of our city have made a general and successful raid upon the pickpockets and other gentrified, who live by their wits, and disregard most scrupulously the eighth precept of the decalogue, conferring upon them the distinguished honor of soliciting their photographs, as memorials of a past acquaintanceship, and showing them many other attentions which honest men never receive. Whether or not such efforts will expose the rogues with whom our city is burdened, is questionable, since there are certain official persons that are proof against the prying eyes of the most astute policeman, and, as tax-payers know to their cost, certain methods of manipulating contracts and jobs for the benefit of interested parties, not quite in accordance with the requirements of honesty. But then this is a fast age, and one of its most prominent features is the propensity to accumulate rapidly, and regard ends, rather than the means by which those ends are obtained.

London is now, practically, nearer New York than Albany was twenty years ago, and our morning papers greet us with dispatches from England and the Continent, dated on the preceding evening. Thus far the great cable is a grand success, and even cavilers are silent, and doubtless convinced. The great problem of science has been solved—henceforward the whole world is to be brought into constant and instant communication. There may be temporary interruptions, but the gravest difficulties have been overcome, and hereafter only trivial details are to be taken into account. When Solomon had completed his investigations and recorded his experience, he complacently declared "there is nothing new under the sun;" but if the Jewish King were living in the nineteenth century, he most likely would modify his opinions, or at least express them less confidently. Things never dreamed of in his philosophy are now current facts, and a wealth of knowledge, compared with which his

sizements were poverty, is the common heritage. Without disparaging the wise man, it is, perhaps, not too much to say that, in all that relates to physical law and fact, and the application of natural forces to human wants, the present age is incomparably superior to any preceding one, and the masses are now wiser than the most favored ones in former times.

The old adage, "*Aud Cesar aut nullus*," is especially applicable to the American people in all their political movements, which invariably are inaugurated in conventions. Probably these gatherings are the legitimate successors of the grand pow-wows the red men were accustomed to hold before engaging in any important enterprise; at all events, it is convention or nothing with our politicians, and whether they wish to nominate a President or select a borough constable, they must meet in grand conclave, with all the paraphernalia of speeches, resolutions, etc., that constitute the staple of such gatherings. Thus it is that, during the last week, Philadelphia has been the grand rallying-point of patriotic delegates from all parts of the land, who have promised themselves and their constituents that a Convention would be the great panacea for national disorders, would encourage the President, by endorsing and sustaining his policy, and harmonize and unify the feelings that sectional discord and jealousies had disturbed and embittered. Some anticipated a stormy session, and some a riot, but such forebodings of evil have, happily, been disappointed. The Convention met, did its work and adjourned, with no more disorder than inevitably attends any large gathering, and its record is now before the country, either to shape the policy of the future, or else to show how futile are all schemes that do not accord with the popular will and enlist the popular sympathy.

The watering-places have been less crowded this season than they usually are, but their attractions have not been diminished; and all diversions that occupy the attention of such resorts have been regularly presented. The Continental Hotel, at Long Branch, is well-known to the frequenters of that favorite retreat, gave a fine entertainment a week ago, which was largely attended and well managed, the hotel band furnishing the music; and on Friday last a grand ball came off at the same hotel, which was the crowning effort of the season, and gave unbounded satisfaction to the devotees of Terpsichore and the guests and patrons of the establishment.

In the way of amusements in the city there is little of which to make note. Bryant still reigns at Wallack's; the "Ice Witch" attracts the patrons of the Olympic; the Hanlon Brothers are exhibiting their feats at Wood's; but active preparations are making for the fall campaign, and very soon we shall have presentations worthy the name.

Mr. Draper, who some time since gave a very pleasant season of English opera, intends next week to repeat his effort, and, with a new troupe, to present some of the pieces that before gave so much satisfaction.

Great preparations are being made by Mr. Grau at the new French Theatre, for the reception of the great tragedienne, Madame Adelaide Ristori, who is expected in this country about the middle of September. The sensation created throughout the country by the mere mention of the distinguished artiste's name, is universal.

#### RESOLUTIONS OF THE "NATIONAL UNION CONVENTION."

The Convention held in Philadelphia, August 14-16, adopted the subjoined "Platform":

The National Union Convention, now assembled in the City of Philadelphia, composed of delegates from every State and Territory in the Union, admonished by the solemn lessons which, for the last five years, it has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the universe to give to the American people; profoundly grateful for the return of peace, dear to us, as a large majority of their countrymen, in all sincerity, to forget and forgive the past reviving the Constitution as it comes to us from our ancestors, regarding the Union, in its restoration, as more sacred than ever, looking with deep anxiety into the future as of instant and continuing trial, here issues and proclaims the following declaration of principles and purposes on which they have with perfect unanimity agreed:

1st. We hail with gratitude to Almighty God the end of war and the return of peace to an afflicted and beloved land.

2d. The war just closed has maintained the authority of the Constitution with all the powers which it confers, and all the restrictions which it imposes upon the General Government unabridged and unaltered, and it has preserved the Union with the equal rights, dignity and authority of the States perfect and unimpaired.

3d. Representation in the Congress of the United States and in the Electoral College is a right recognized by the Constitution as abiding in every State, and as a duty imposed upon its people, fundamental in its nature and essential to the existence of our republican institutions, and neither Congress nor the General Government has any authority or power to deny this right to any, or withhold its enjoyment under the Constitution from the people thereof.

4th. We call upon the people of the United States to elect to Congress as members thereof none but men who admit this fundamental right of representation, and who will receive to seat their loyal representatives from every State in allegiance to the United States, subject to the constitutional right of each House to judge of the election returns and qualifications of its own members.

5th. The Constitution of the United States and the laws made in pursuance therof are the supreme law of the land, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding. All the powers not conferred by the Constitution upon the General Government are reserved to the States or the people thereof, and among the rights thus reserved to the States is the right to prescribe qualifications for the elective franchise therein, which right Congress cannot interfere with. No State or convention of States has the right to withdraw from the Union, or to exclude, through their actions in Congress or otherwise, any State or States from the Union. The union of these States is perpetual.

6th. Such amendments to the Constitution of the United States may be made by the people thereof as they may deem expedient, but only in the mode pointed out by its resolution, and in proposing such amendments, whether by Congress or a Convention, and in ratifying the same, all the States of the Union have an equal and an indefeasible right to a voice and a vote thereon.

7th. Slavery is abolished and forever prohibited, and there is neither desire nor purpose on the part of the Southern States that it should ever be re-established upon the soil or within the jurisdiction of the United States, and the enfranchised slaves in all the States of the Union should receive, in common with all their inhabitants, equal protection in every right of person and property.

8th. While we regard as utterly invalid, and never to be assumed or made of binding force, any obligation incurred or undertaken in making war against the United States, we hold the debt of the nation to be sacred and inviolable, and we proclaim our purpose in discharging this, as in performing all other national obligations, to maintain unimpaired and unimpeached the honor and the faith of the Republic.

9th. It is the duty of the National Government to recognize the services of the Federal soldiers and sailors in the contest just closed by meeting promptly and fully all their just and rightful claims for the services they have rendered the nation, and by extending to those of them who have survived, and to the widows and orphans of those who have fallen, the most generous and considerate care.

10th. In Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, who in his great office has proved steadfast in his devotion to the Constitution, the laws, and interests of his country, unswayed by persecutions and undeserved reproach, having faith immovably in the people and in the principles of the Government, we recognise a Chief Magistrate worthy of the nation and equal to the great crisis upon which his lot is cast, and we tender to him, in the discharge of his high and responsible duties, our profound respect, and assurance of our cordial and sincere support.

#### EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

**Domestic.**—On the 1st instant the city pound-keeper had been at work for about six weeks and had owned 3,600 dogs—one hundred a day. The largest proportion of the business was done in the beginning of June.

—The most extraordinary instance of patience on record in modern times is that of an Illinois judge, who listened for two days while a couple of wordy attorneys were contending about the construction of an act of the Legislature, and then ended the discussion by quietly remarking: "Gentlemen, the law is repealed."

—The exports of petroleum from this country to Europe are rapidly increasing. The following statement shows the comparative exports to foreign countries in 1865 and 1866, up to the 3d instant:

|                    | 1865.     | 1866.      |
|--------------------|-----------|------------|
| From New York,     | 5,281,937 | 16,058,285 |
| From Philadelphia, | 1,621,777 | 12,043,214 |
| From Baltimore,    | 348,925   | 1,182,643  |
| From Boston,       | 463,453   | 869,997    |

Total. . . . . 7,716,092 30,184,142  
It will be seen that in 1866 the exports are four times as large as during the preceding year.

—The Treasury Department is overrun with applications for bounty under the late provision of Congress, but nothing can be done with these claims for several months, except to file them. The carrying out of the act demands an elaborate preparation, and soldiers can gain nothing by crowding the business. In fact, the Department has not even issued a form of application, and it is probable that most of the claims already presented will be returned to the parties for revision.

—While some workmen were repairing the dam just above the Genesee Falls, at Rochester, on Tuesday last, a temporary dam, constructed to aid the main work, gave way. One man was swept over the "Middle Falls" and drowned. Another was wedged in between the head gates and the debris of the dam, and it was over an hour before he was extricated from his perilous position. Another man was swept under the head gates into the race, and came near drowning. One man who was swept over the dam caught hold of a timber on the edge of the Falls and was saved.

—The Denver News announces that a new daily line of stage coaches is to be put on the Smoky Hill route immediately. The road is now being stocked, and the coaches will commence running about the 1st of September.

—Favorable accounts have been received from the western portion of the country with regard to the disposition which is manifested in connection with a fair representation of its industrial and producing facilities at the Paris Exhibition of 1867.

—The granite arch at Plymouth, over the place where the Pilgrims first landed, which is to be twenty-five feet high when finished, has stopped at twelve feet, the funds being exhausted.

—In Central Georgia thousands of freedmen are agitating the question of immediate emigration to Liberia. This spirit was said to be rife among them at their late demonstration in Macon.

—Several young men who left Springfield, Mass., in April last, for Montana, have returned, impressed with the idea that that golden Territory is not all their fancy painted it. They visited eleven different mines, lost round sum by the trip, and finally concluded that home was the best place for them.

—Walter Brown, of Portland, Maine, has accepted Joshua Ward's challenge to a single scull race for \$2,000 or \$3,000 a mile, with the provision that the contest take place at Portland or New York, and not at Newburg, N. Y., as Ward proposed.

—The excellent prospects of the cranberry crop throughout South Jersey, the present year, are encouraging that double the number of acres will be placed under cultivation next year. The company which was recently formed for that purpose expresses themselves well satisfied with the fact that the soil in South Jersey is admirably calculated for producing abundant crops of these valuable berries.

—The Chicago papers, now that the cholera has fairly made its appearance in that city, assert that the disease has prevailed there ever since the early part of June, but that the physicians, to avoid creating a panic, have called it by a milder name. The condition of the river, which has become a stagnant bayou at that point, is assigned as a principal cause of the violent outbreak of the pestilence.

—There is a party of thirteen theological students from Andover, camped out on the beach at Rain Island, Sippican Harbor, Marion, Mass. They have five tents, blankets and commissary stores, a sailboat at their disposal, and an accomplished skipper, who acts in the capacities of cook, fisherman and pilot. They say they are enjoying themselves better than people at the fashionable watering places.

—Mr. Charles T. Willard, a well-known photographer of Philadelphia, met with a sudden death on Friday. He was passing along Fifth street, in that city, when he accidentally fell into a deep cellar, recently excavated. Mr. Willard was the inventor of ciphers for telegraphing, which were used in the army during the war.

—Foreign.—Letters recently received from Australia announce the arrival at Melbourne of one hundred thousand salmon, a red and brown trout ova, forty per cent. of which were hatching in the breeding ponds of the river Plenty in Tasmania. It is also stated that at least two thousand salmon fry, varying in length from nine inches to twelve inches, had left the fresh water and gone to sea, and that four hundred brown trout, about twelve inches long, the produce of the ova shipped in January, 1865, are thriving in ponds.

—France possesses 61 regular theatrical companies; England, 37; Austria, 34; Prussia, 32; Italy, 24; and Russia, 15. The town which has the most theatres are Paris, which has 40; London, 26; Naples and Milan, 13 each; Rome, Brussels and Turin, 10; Berlin, Vienna and Florence, 9 (this comprises the concert-rooms of Vienna); Madrid, Venice and Genoa, 8; Seville, 4; Lisbon, Hamburg, Amsterdam, Bologna and Verona, 5. There are in Europe 1,450 theatres, although there are only 200 distinct companies. Out of these 4 only belong to Greece, 4 to Turkey, 3 to Romania and 1 to Servia.



MR. SETH GREEN'S TROUT PONDS, ON SPRING CREEK, NEAR MUMFORD, MONROE CO., N. Y.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY N. B. BARKER, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

#### ARTIFICIAL PROPAGATION OF TROUT.

THE fact is now fully established that we can raise fish as readily as we raise cattle and sheep, and that a little outlay of care and attention will provide us abundantly with this delicious kind of food. In France, for some years, the propagation of different varieties of the finny tribe has been attended with marked success, proving conclusively, that ponds and rivers, properly stocked with spawn, would soon teem with millions of young fish, which, if protected, would rapidly attain growth and perfection. And as the demand for the denizens of the water as an article of food is constantly increasing, the profitable character of this branch of industry especially commends it to attention. Hitherto we have had little need in this country to

whole length is but one mile, when it unites with Allen's Creek, one of the tributaries of the Genesee, in the village of Mumford. The stream falls about fifty feet, from the springs to its junction with Allen's Creek. The country is thickly settled, and one of the richest and best farming towns in the State. The surface of the land is quite level with banks but little above the surface of the water.

The bottom of the stream is covered with small white shells and gravel. The water is clear, pure, and perfectly transparent, so that any object can be seen for three or four rods very distinctly. It is tinted with lime and sulphur. Its temperature at the spring is forty-eight degrees the whole year round, but down the stream three quarters of a mile it rises in the hottest days of summer, to fifty-eight degrees by night, but is down in the morning to fifty-two. In winter it settles sometimes to forty-three, but generally keeps up to forty-five or forty-six. The temperature of the water to Allen's Creek is very even the year round, but very cold in summer and quite warm in winter, never freezing the very coldest weather. The water through the

whole length of the creek, as well as every stone, stick, wood and blade of grass, is alive and literally covered with numerous insects and larvae of flies summer and winter, so that the trout, however numerous they are,

thus fill it with fish in a very short time.

Our illustrations on this page show some of the features of pisciculture as practised by Mr. Seth Green, of Mumford, N. Y., whose skill must now give him a national reputation, and whose ponds are the most extensive in the country.

The most prolific trout stream within our knowledge is the Caledonia Spring. For fifty years it has been the resort of the angler; day and night the sportsman pursues his finny game along its banks, and yet the supply seems rather to increase than diminish. This celebrated trout brook rises from the rocks in the village of Caledonia, Livingston county, New York. Its

a clear white, with the exception of a small dark spot in the centre. Fig. 2 shows a small dark line across the egg—the embryo fish. Fig. 3 shows the young fry after it has broken its sac. Fig. 4 shows the fish at

easily obtain all the food they want all times of the year. Mr. Green has purchased this stream, and constructed his ponds upon it.

The pond containing the largest fish and principal spawners was first constructed. A strong volume of water passes through it from the main stream, the quantity received and discharged being so regulated that there is no danger of overflowing. It enters under a wheel, which is so exactly fitted to its place that not the smallest fish can escape, and maintains a regular motion. This pond is seventy-five feet long, twelve feet wide, and four or five feet deep. Mr. Green's dwelling is over the lower end of this pond, which affords shade and a hiding-place for the trout when they choose to retire from view. There are from eight to ten thousand fish in this pond, and water enough for fifty times the number. A great deal of feed passes to them from the stream, but they are fed every day with fresh meat, chopped fine, and it is exciting to see this vast multitude dart to the surface as they see the coveted particles descending.

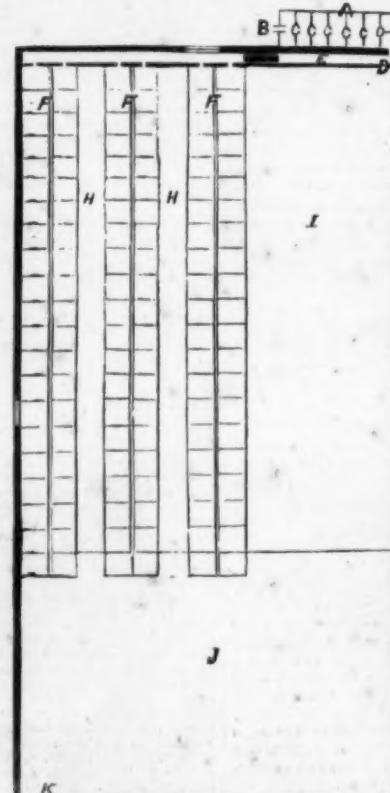
Fig. 1 represents a single egg as it leaves the female trout; it is almost

a more advanced stage, the sac being much smaller, having been nearly absorbed; and Fig. 5 represents the fish after the entire disappearance (by absorption) of the sac. At this stage it begins to feed, and grows very rapidly under favorable circumstances—that is, in pure spring water of the right temperature and with plenty of feed. The latter is the first thing sought for by the young fish, and the habit or instinct thus early developed strengthens and remains until extinguished with life.

The reader can judge of the rapid growth of trout by comparing Fig. 5 with the cut representing a two-year-



SPAWN AND YOUNG TROUT.



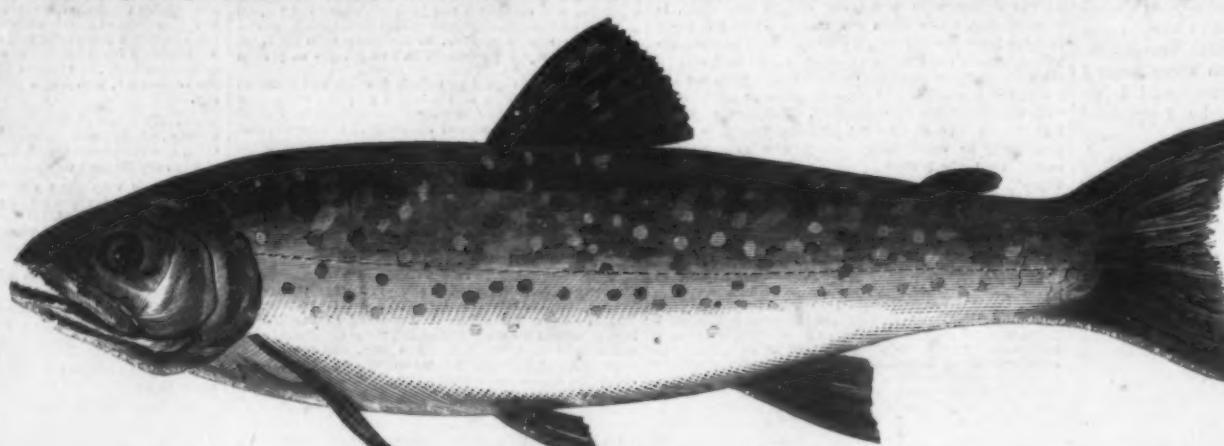
HATCHING TROUGH.

WHEEL BY WHICH THE SUPPLY OF WATER IS REGULATED, AND THE FISH PREVENTED FROM ESCAPING.

old on this page. The trout produces from two hundred to two thousand spawn, each according to their size and age. After obtaining the spawn, it is placed in the hatching-troughs, which are covered by a suitable house to screen the young trout from the glare of the sun, and protect them from storms of hail, that might in a moment destroy thousands of them, and from a heavy fall of rain, that would wash them from the troughs where they are kept several weeks after hatching.

Mr. Green's troughs are three in number: The water is brought from the main stream through bored logs and received into a tank (A), six feet long, two feet eight inches wide, and a foot and a half deep, entering B, from whence it passes through six strainers (c c c c c).

At D it passes into the trough E, running entirely across the end of the house, and from there by small gates (which are regulated at pleasure to increase or diminish the flow of water) it passes into the several hatching-troughs (F F F). The troughs are subdivided, or rather, two are placed together, and between them are passageways (H H) for conveniently distributing the spawn, inspecting the operation of hatching, and feeding the young fish. It will be observed that the troughs are partitioned into small squares. By this arrangement the force of the current is checked at each bar, and the trout are prevented from huddling in a mass and becoming suffocated.



A TWO-YEAR OLD TROUT—FULL SIZE.

The space (I) on one side is a platform, having a stove and the various conveniences for feeding, etc. At one end (J) is a pond eighteen feet square, with about two feet depth of water. If by any means trout escape from the troughs, they cannot get beyond this pond, and the room is ample for keeping millions until they are two or three inches long. From this pond the water passes at K into the main stream. The hatching-house and troughs, though not expensive, are complete in arrangement, and are fulfilling the highest anticipations of their persevering and enterprising proprietor. The bottoms of the troughs are covered with small clean gravel, over which the water passes by gentle flow. Thus prepared, they are ready for the reception of the impregnated spawn, which are spread evenly over the gravel by a dexterous movement of the water—the spawn not being touched or allowed to come in contact with anything but the water and gravel. Impregnated spawn sink to the bottom, even in water running with considerable force, and will remain stationary, if undisturbed, until the young fish begin their efforts for a release from confinement. In from fifteen to twenty days after the spawn are deposited, the young fish (Fig. 2) is discernible with the naked eye.



THE GERMAN HOSPITAL ON SEVENTY-SEVENTH STREET, BETWEEN LEXINGTON AND FOURTH AVENUES, NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 375.

The spawn can be transported from the eighth to the fifteenth day after impregnation, in glass bottles filled with water, by express to any part of the country, with safety, and will nearly all hatch if distributed thinly over well-prepared gravel beds in the streams near the spring, where the current is gentle and the temperature remains from forty to forty-six degrees through the winter, and will nearly all take care of themselves after hatching through the spring and summer, and grow to from three to five inches in length by fall. This is the easiest and cheapest way to stock all streams and ponds where the temperature and water will permit. But where they will not, then they must be stocked with trout.

An outlay of from five to five hundred dollars, in spawn and preparing the stream and gravel beds, according to the amount any one may feel disposed to invest, will produce a corresponding show in the early spring of young trout. Some of these young trout will spawn in the fall, and all the fall following, and with proper care will in a few years fully stock the stream or pond, and will pay the owner and angler for all the expense and trouble, in the very exciting sport of taking them on the fly, as well as a delicious meal daily.

The advantage of artificial fish-culture over the natural process, when properly pursued, is most striking. Under the most favorable circumstances to be expected, it is estimated that only about five to ten per cent. of spawn come to maturity in creeks. They are fed upon by other fish; washed from spawning-beds by floods; covered up with sediment; "gobbled up"—in settled localities—by ducks and geese, and in various other ways destroyed. Besides all this, the few trout which do mature in the natural way are killed out of season in spite of laws designed to protect them; driven from their former homes by the poison from

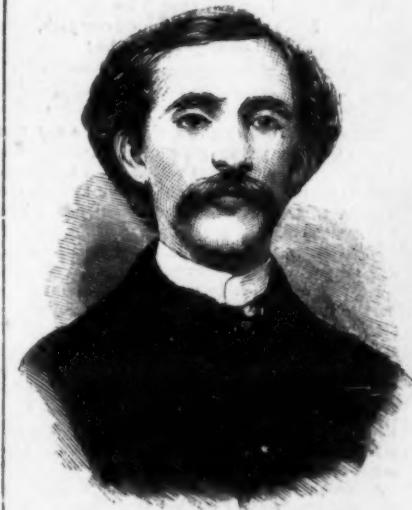
tanneries, and filth from other manufacturing establishments, while the road and field washings cover the gravel beds where only trout will spawn. Those who would raise fish, and especially trout, must provide them with pure spring water, and ponds protected as carefully as they would protect their orchards from worms, or their flocks from wolves.

#### OUR BASE-BALL ILLUSTRATIONS.

NUMBER six of our portraits of prominent base-ball players is that of Mr. James Maxwell, the noted catcher of the Susquehanna Club of Wilkesbarre, Pa., one of the recent accessions to the clubs belonging to the National Association. The Susquehanna Club was organized in July, 1865, by about twenty young men of Wilkesbarre; the majority of whom were practically ignorant of base-ball as improved by the National Association, the game of their school-boy days being the only one they were familiar with. It was not long, however, before they acquired the requisite skill, by practice, to place them on an equal footing with other clubs of the State outside of Philadelphia, several interesting encounters with the Wyoming Club, the Luzerne Club, Unions, of Kingston, Pawnee, of Plymouth, and lastly, their grand match with the celebrated Athletics, rapidly educating them up to the point aimed at, they coming out of their contest with the champions of Philadelphia with a better average score than any other provincial organization of the State.

Mr. Maxwell, the subject of our sketch, is now the catcher of the Susquehanna Club. He is a young man of twenty-four years of age, to whom a superabundance of invigorating outdoor exercise has imparted great

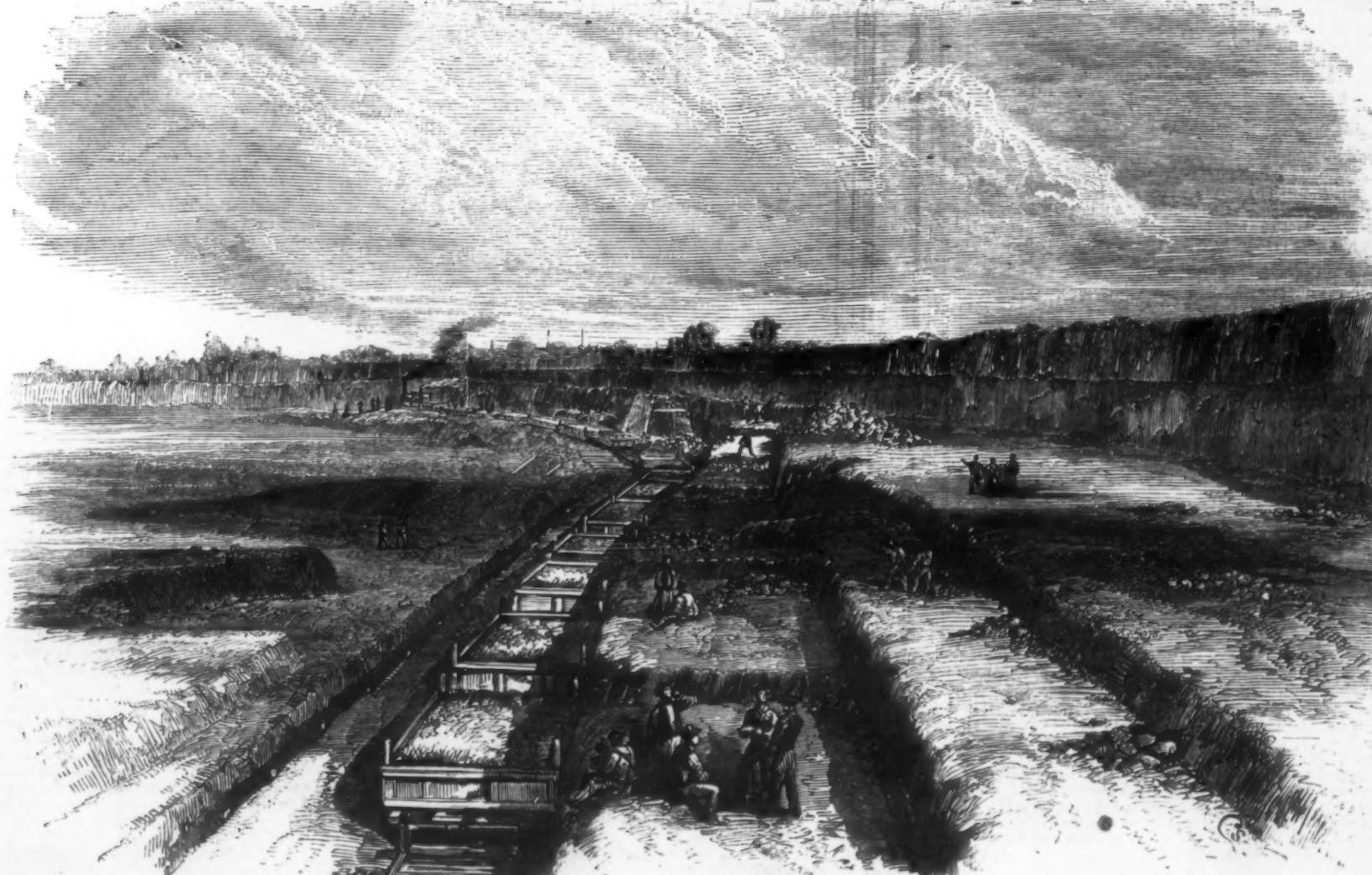
activity and endurance. In 1862 he enlisted in the 149th Regiment P. V., from Luzerne County, and served three years with the regiment, being fortunate enough to escape with life and limb from the dangers of many a stirring scene of strife and carnage in the South. On his return home he became an active member of the Susquehanna Club, and is now its representative player. Although an excellent general player, he more particularly excels in catching, rarely failing to hold every ball passing the batsman. His fearlessness, of swiftly batted or thrown balls also specially qualifies him to play a base, and in any position in the field he is a valuable man. Being an accurate and strong thrower, and a sure catch, he soon takes an out-field position most creditably, and as regards endurance and pluck, he has few equals, his war experience having given him a thorough training in this respect. In fact, we question whether any of the "crack" metropolitan organizations have a player who surpasses him in his physical qualifications, however their experience may give them an advantage. Socially, "Jimmy" is a favorite with all, and is a favorite with all, and is held in high estimation by his club. We shall give in our next the portrait of Mr. E. G. Seldon, of the Chester Club, Norwich, Conn.



MR. P. J. CULLINAN.—SEE PAGE 375.



MR. JAMES MAXWELL, OF THE SUSQUEHANNA B. B. CLUB, WILKESBARRE, PA.



MARL PITS ON THE RAROGAS RIVER, NEAR MOUNT HOLLY, NEW JERSEY.—SEE PAGE 375.

## QUESTIONS OF DOUBT.

If a secret still a secret  
If 'tis told to two?  
Is a secret still a secret  
When revealed to you?  
Every mortal has his failings—  
No at least they say—  
If of one's faults you are aware,  
Why need you tell them, pray?

If a gossip meet a gossip  
Stopping for a chat,  
If a gossip meet a gossip,  
What to you is that?  
Every gossip has her budget—  
Tales both old and new—  
Each one cons o'er her ample store,  
No matter false or true.

If a lady meet a lady  
Coming down the square,  
If a lady kiss a lady  
Need you stand and stare?  
Every corner you are turning  
Need you pause to see  
Just how each pretty girl is dressed,  
Or wonder who she be?

If a dandy meet a dandy  
Rigged out spruce and trim,  
If a dandy meet a dandy  
Need you gaze and grin?  
Every sign-post for the tailors  
Must show the style about,  
Need you look as if to ask  
Does "Mother know you're out?"

If a trav'ler meet a trav'ler  
On our street railway,  
If a trav'ler cro'd a trav'ler,  
Which shall get up, pray?  
Every turning has its troubles—  
Tell me why should we  
Make all unhappy 'round our path,  
When all might happy be?

## A LIVING TOMB.

The day was drawing to a close. The sky was ablaze with the yellow glow of the setting sun, whose long, slanting rays rested upon the precipitous side of the hills which cluster around the Hudson where it enters the Highlands. The verdant coloring of the hills was half merged in the glistening water, producing a golden-green, shimmering, dreamy tint upon the placid surface.

Floating with the tide, scarcely a ripple marking the slight progress we made before the almost unfeeling wind, three young men sat in a sharp-prowed little sail-boat.

Its owner, Harry King, sat in the stern, steering; Charlie Thorpe, a friend, who had never before visited that section, and whom we were introducing to the beautiful natural scenery, was perched upon the heel of the bowsprit, while I sat in the centre of the boat.

Although a long residence in the vicinity had rendered Harry and I somewhat unsusceptible to the grandeur of the scene, it was not in human nature to gaze down the long perspective without sentiments of admiration and awe.

Here were the giant hills clad in radiant green, towering up on either side, bold, rugged, sharply outlined against the summer sky, across which floated a few fleecy, crimson-edged clouds, seemingly scarcely elevated above the mountain-tops. Below and above, the river was hemmed in by the everlasting rocks, and, from its surface, no eye could determine the moment when over these lofty heights would come the furious tempests which are so common in this region.

Utterly abandoned to the influence of the moment, without a thought of the material world, scarcely realizing its existence in the presence of the grand spectacle and the thoughts it engendered, we "took no note of time."

A few river craft were lying at anchor or becalmed, and sweeping unresistingly with the tide down the resplendent aisle between the guardians of the beautiful stream.

The air was warm, and the mere shadow of a breeze—it seemed no more—scarcely rippled the sheeny surface. A steamer, waving its forward pennant gracefully, glided into view, apparently born of the solid mountains to the south, so abrupt and so well-concealed was the river's course. For a moment we gazed at her "walking the waters like a thing of life," curving gently and with a graceful ease around the watery circle, and then speeding on up the long stretch with a sparkling fountain of many-colored drops wreathing her sharp bow.

"Isn't that beautiful?" exclaimed Harry, as she cut her swift way through the gleaming water between the white sails of the becalmed river craft.

"Beautiful! that doesn't express half of it. It is grand—glorious—it is unequalled!"

An exclamation of alarm at that moment broke from Harry's lips. We followed his gaze, and saw a spectacle which made us tremble for our safety.

Right up over our heads, having swept over the mountains unnoticed by me, was a huge, ragged-edged cloud, black as night, whirled hither and thither in great masses by the furious wind, which, it was apparent, was raging in upper space. The tree-tops on the mountain-side already felt the blast, and we saw them tremble and bow low before its fierce onset. Clouds of dust, interspersed with leaves, rose, in wide circles, up until swallowed by the distance. On the as yet quiet water, the wild commotion in upper air was plainly sketched, but we had no time to observe the grandeur of the rising storm. It menaced us with dangers more powerful in their influences than its own sublime features.

"Down with that sail!" shouted Harry, after his first glance upward.

We dashed at the lines which held it, but, in our inexperience, rendered the lowering of the sail more difficult, if not impossible.

"Harry! hurry! for God's sake be quick!" said he again, as he braced himself for the shock, but still keeping his hands upon the tiller-ropes, to bring her up after the first concussion.

We pulled and strained at the tightly-knotted ropes, but found it impossible, in our nervous excitement, to loosen them. And while we labored and taxed our muscles to their utmost, we could see the tempest swooping down the mountain-side, carrying destruction in its path, uprooting and dashing down the steep, rocky declivity the trees which had grown there in the scanty soil.

"Take the rudder!" shouted Harry, just a moment before the storm reached us.

I sprang toward it; Harry, who understood the management of the boat, leaped from his seat and darted toward the little mast. Before he could reach it the howling wind struck our disportionate sail.

I heard a sharp crack, a terrific rushing, as if a sea long dammed up and at length released by a narrow opening, a tearing sound from the broad sail, a shrill scream from Thorpe, and saw myriads of brilliant sparks flying by, and the next instant was floundering in the water, but half conscious, having received a blow from some object in the boat as she went over. A terrible, suffocating sensation at my lungs oppressed me, and a fierce ringing and throbbing in my head almost crazed me.

All around was dark. The faint wash of the waves came to my ears as from a great distance convincing me that I was in the water, and not far below the surface. I was a good swimmer, but in this horrible position it seemed useless to attempt it.

I had consciousness sufficient left to know that, under ordinary circumstances, I would rise to the surface by the mere buoyancy of my body. I knew I was not in the land of spirits, for I had retained a slight knowledge of all that had transpired from the moment the storm burst upon us; and a sharp, goading pain in my side admonished me that I had not escaped injury.

I was choking; my head whirled in maddening circles, and there was a fierce gripping pain in my lungs that cried for air! air! I threw my arms out wildly, and they struck against some hard substance above me. Instinctively I looked up, and saw a little ray of light penetrating some dark object which, I could see, enveloped me on every side. It flashed upon me instantly that I was under the boat.

I recollect at that moment of having heard that between the upper boundary of the water and the bottom of an overturned boat there was to be found a space in which the air was collected, to the exclusion of the water, and vainly tried to avail myself of the knowledge.

During this time, though it could not have been more than a moment or two, the gripping pain in my lungs was increasing, and my brain throbbed fiercely, as if it would burst from its confinement. My throat contracted and expanded spasmodically, and I suffered excruciating agony, but my mental powers were supernaturally active.

The common assertion that "I saw every action of my life" would be too weak to express the vivid distinctness with which the least actions of my life—actions which I had forgotten years before—were portrayed for a brief moment before my mental vision.

I struggled to reach the gunwale of the boat, but I was so entangled in the rigging that it would have been impossible to clear myself and float out before nature would give up the struggle.

Already I began to see dim shapes, horrible as fiends from the lower world, darting hither and thither through the water, staring at me with greatoggle eyes, that wore a famished, eager look, as if they only awaited my succumbing to devour me. The simple fear of death was not so powerful as might be supposed; but the thought, so horrible, of being devoured by these submarine anthropophagi, infused new life into my almost exhausted frame, and gave me a momentary acquisition of power to escape such a fearful burthen.

I lay on my back with my feet toward the stern of the boat, my head resting on one of the seats—between the seats and the bottom of the boat—my lower limbs entangled in the snake-like cordage.

I placed my elbows upon the seat under my head and raised the upper part of my body toward the bottom of the boat; but the strength faded from my arms and I sank again.

My blood throbbed vehemently in every pulse—mighty beats of my life-current, clamoring for release from its forced confinement, and I receiving all the torture of its struggles. A thousand needle-points pricked my fingers and toes, producing a dull sensation—benumbed semblance of pain. I was sick and faint, gradually losing strength and all disposition to struggle for life.

But the horrible forms, invested with a phosphorescent light, became more distinct, and crowded near with each succeeding pulse-beat, as if they were fearful lest the breath would leave the body before they discovered it.

That was the impression I had then, and it roused me to action. I toiled desperately to raise my upturned face to the space between the drowning water and the hard planking, but my arms gave way repeatedly despite my frantic struggles. At length, when I had revived myself for a last effort, the boat lurched heavily, and then threw my face up into the open space where I was collected the blessed air. Just one heavenly moment—just one hurried, gasping breath; but never was ambrosia so sweet; never before did mortal realize the transcendent bliss of the gods—and the water waved back over me. My strength revived, and I again essayed to breathe in the fresh, delicious atmosphere; but my arms had become weak, and

before my lips could open to take in the precious draught, they withered under me, and I sank down among the horrible water-fiends that crowded still closer around, with a fiery glitter in their eyes as they surveyed their prospective prey.

Not more than a minute could have elapsed, since my first immersion, but to me it seemed an age. In my mind I had turned over almost countless plans of escape, but each one was abandoned as soon as thought of. My limbs were so entangled in the rigging that I had at once given up all hope of releasing them in time to drop under the boat and rise on the outside, and now my wan strength warned me that to do it at this juncture would be but to drop into the cavernous jaws that impatiently gaped to receive me.

My heart throbbed fearfully, and the blood rushed and seethed along the turgid veins as if it would tear them asunder. My limbs and body seemed to be gradually swelling to prodigious dimensions, and I wondered, even while desperately struggling, how such a small vessel could contain a colossus of my proportions.

I was on the point of succumbing to the stupor which was rapidly stealing over me. The agony of my throbbing head grew less, and dull. The boat expanded until it covered and shrouded a vast area of the dismal fluid. The little ray of light which streamed down into the dark water was obscured, and I began to sink; very slowly at first, as if the water was a dense, clammy substance which refused to receive me; then the speed increased, and I seemed to be falling through space, and had a dull consciousness that, when the motion ceased, I would be in the spirit-land. Then my senses were wrapped in a delicious stupor, and the water trembled under the deep notes of a grand symphony, in which the water-fiends took part, murmuring their weird notes soothingly, and fascinating me with their glittering, meamey eyes.

But the spell was broken. There was a scrambling noise on the outside of the boat, and a moment afterward a voice. Though the tones were unnaturally loud, I knew that it was Harry who spoke. His voice was in strange contrast with the supernatural strains, and jarred unpleasantly in the musical accord. As I was recalled to a sense of my peril, the sweet music died into a hoarse murmur from the gaping throats of the grim forms, as they saw their prey escaping at the moment they were assured of its possession.

The love of life, which had been growing weaker every moment, suddenly grew strong, and with it came fresh strength and a return of the terrible pain.

I made a frantic effort, placed my hands upon the seat, and, after a desperate struggle, during which I cleared away a portion of the cordage twisted around my feet, I succeeded in reaching once more the life-giving air. I had kept my mouth firmly closed during all those moments of mental and bodily torture; my teeth were set together with a power sufficient to have ground them to atoms, and my lips were locked until the blood, despite its fierce turmoil, was forced back from the white lines. But when my face reached the cool air, they opened with a spring, and took in a draught of life, which sent the blood whirling still more furiously through my exhausted frame, and redoubled the torture; and it drove away the gnashing water-fiends, though they still hovered around and under the boat, thoughtfully paddling the dark water, as if reflecting upon the length of time during which I could exist upon the modicum of air.

As in a dream, I heard Harry's voice, but though it sounded loud and harsh, his words were barely distinguishable.

"Poor Champ! he is gone!" said he. "I would have given my life to have saved him!"

"He must be under the boat," said Thorpe. "He was a good swimmer; and unless stunned or tangled in the rigging, we would have seen him before now."

Then I sank below the surface as my strength gave way; but the few inspirations I had been able to make had so revived me that I was not wholly helpless. I recollect that presence of mind was always recommended to persons in peril, and as the danger appeared to grow less formidable by familiarity, I did not despair of regaining sufficient strength to inform them of my position; therefore I husbanded it as much as possible, but making what exertion I could to free my limbs from the encircling ropes. At one moment hope would rise high, and the next my burning, whirling brain would conjure fearful images of death in this horrible form, and, half crazed, I would open my lips to shriek, but to have it strangled ere it left my tongue. Then the water-fiends drew near, and leered at me with their eyes until I shuddered with fear, and painfully raised my throbbing head into the circumscribed space and drank—oh, how eagerly!—the precious air, until exhausted, I dropped below the surface.

They moved on the upturned boat, and the little ray of light streamed down through the shimmering water like an angel's finger-tip, diffusing its cheering light not only on the confined water, but around my heart, with a gleam of hopefulness.

I examined it closely for some time, unable to account for it, but at length remembered that a plug had been fitted into the bottom of the boat, and knew that to its being out I owed the replenishment of my small stock of air.

The water beat against the boat with a muffled sound, unintermitting, regular as the strokes of a clock, and even rhythmic to my preternaturally acute sense.

"If I could only get my fest clear, they would drop, and I could inhale without difficulty," I thought, as each surge of the boat threw me under. But the more I struggled the more securely seemed the knots to be tied about them, and for a time I relinquished the attempt as too exhausting. Only at intervals, when the feeling

of suffocation became unendurable, did I exert my strength to raise my face.

The open space between the boat and the water did not exceed six inches, but it was sufficient, with a constant change, to have supported life if it had been possible to keep my face in it.

Death occasionally suggested itself, but I was so occupied with the plans that I had not time to think even of eternity. I still retained life, and gradually gained strength as the feverish heat of my blood was tempered by aeration, and became more hopeful of rescue.

While drinking the reviving draught after an unusually long immersion, I heard Harry shouting, but before I could distinguish words, the boat gave a sudden lurch, and was pulled rapidly through the water, while many voices joined in a cry that sounded like a distant cheer.

"They are rescued," I thought, "and I will be left here to perish."

Maddened by the thought, I kicked the planking, and struggled frantically to be heard; but my tongue refused utterance, and I was soon compelled to desist.

"O God! deliver me from this doom," I groaned inwardly, as the water-fiends again crowded around and mocked my agony, licking their shriveled lips in anticipation.

The water around me grew darker. A spark shot across my eyes; then another and another, until the black space under and around me was filled by them; some wandering hither and thither in a dreamy manner, others darting by with the speed of thought, crossing and recrossing the dark expanse, winding in and out, until my eyes ached following their brilliant course. Sharp, gleaming eyes in the midst of these whirling sparks gazed at me, and I thought I could read my fate in them:

"Melancholy accident; boat capsized; one man drowned; rescue of two persons from the overturned boat."

A few tears, a drapery for the burial, a little gathering in a pleasant room looking out upon the river, where now were seated my mother and sister, unconscious of my deadly peril; their grief at the loss of the only one they called relative; a winding procession following to the grave the remains of one who, until this fatal day, scarce thought of death. I heard the earth and pebbles fall with a hollow sound upon the coffin, and the sobs swelling up from the bosoms of those loved ones whom I claimed as my own; and the washing of the water formed an appropriate requiem.

All this I saw pictured in the glaring eyes of my enemies, and it nerved me to desperation. My arms received tenfold strength; my brain grew clear in an instant, and the sparkling shower ceased, leaving the water cold and black, except where the blessed ray streamed down through the little orifice, a visitant from the upper world.

"What would I not give were I but on the other side of this shell which encircles me!"

It might have weighed tons instead of pounds, so far as my reaching it was concerned.

I beat the thin planks furiously with my water-soaked boots, and varied my voice in a feeble cry, which, in that narrow space, sounded like the muttering thunder. But as no response was elicited I was forced to the conclusion that I had been unheeded.

Then all was still. The voices had ceased, and I was deprived of companionship. Why did not those whom I had cherished, now exert themselves to save me? They had professed the most thoughtful friendship; but now, when I most needed it, no hand, of all those I had thought would serve me in my need, was extended to draw me from my perilous situation.

"Ah, friendship! what art thou?"

A swift, fleeting shadow—a nonentity but when the sky is clear and fortune smiles. Left here alone to die! To mark the feeble quiverings of a heart that would have its last drop of blood wrung from it ere harm could come to them. To gaze with fearful eyes upon the grim array that was already advancing to devour me. Left here alone, with not one friend to cheer the last hours of life. To die and be forgotten; and while help was yet near. They must know I am here! Why don't they look? cast but one glance upon my tomb? Alas! they are saved, and it matters little to them that another life hangs in the balance.

"Is there no hope?"

In the glittering eyes around me I read the response:

"None!"

"But I will not die! So young, with such promising prospects of usefulness in the world! Surely, Providence never intended that I should die in this horrible manner. Oh, no! I cannot believe it! There is yet a hope. But where? Is it in the feeble body? No! It scarce contains sufficient strength to lift the swollen face up to the air of heaven! Is it by means of these I called 'my friends'? No! They have deserted me when I most needed their assistance. Is it to come from the outside world? Ha! ha! What does it know of me and my danger? What would it care, if it did? I must perish!" and from the murmuring water-fiends came the dismal echo:

"Perish!"

"It is but a moment of agony if I so will it. I have but to cease all effort and sink into unconsciousness—but before I succumb I must once more breathe the pure air. Then, farewell, earth! Farewell, mother! Farewell, sister! Farewell—To what besides have I to bid farewell? Barily, not to the professed friends who deserted me? No!"

Thus I raved.

The regular beat of the waves soothed me, and the little orifice in the boat was tinted with beautiful colors—a blending of the rainbow-hues, soft and mellow, widening from the little opening and circling down through the dark waters, imparting to it a portion of their own beautiful coloring. The

waves were transformed into musical cadences that glided into my ears, now soft and plaintive, as if grieving for me, and an intermingling of voices that thrilled and yet lulled me to rest.

The pain of my head subsided so perceptibly, so gently, that it seemed as if it were a tangible body releasing its grasp. Then the notes grew loud and discordant, swelling into a grand crescendo, until the whole earth appeared filled with the harsh clangor, the decreasing pain shot up anew, and the choked blood careered with terrible velocity through the swollen veins. But with the pain came returning consciousness and a love of life, which prompted me to make one more effort to save myself.

It was apparent that the boat was in motion, but whither I could not conjecture. It might be that the steamer we had seen just before the catastrophe had taken the boat in tow. If so, salvation was impossible, for already the water seethed up in the little air-chamber, and threatened to cut off even that scanty source of life. Animated by the thought, I struggled wildly, furiously, and, oh, thank God! I succeeded in clearing my feet from the entangled lines, and, as they slowly sank, my head rose until I could press my lips to the orifice; and, oh, how sweet were the long, continuous draughts!

"I may be saved yet!" was the thought that sent a thrill of hope through my system. It was not difficult to keep my mouth pressed to the air-hole, and not much strength was required to preserve my hold upon the rack in the bottom of the boat.

My feet dangled in the water below, at times coming in contact with the streaming cordage, and once they struck against the mast, which I discovered had been broken off short, within a yard of its foot.

The speed of the boat increased. The waters murmured hoarsely on the outside, and the spray sometimes entered; but this was nothing compared with my former situation. That the boat would soon reach the shore I was convinced by the fact that the tide ran at a right angle with our course.

Voces occasionally reached me, and I was strongly tempted to raise my feeble voice in reply but I resisted the temptation, and reserved my strength until it would be of service.

The boat jarred, and some one stood up on it. I placed my lips to the opening, and uttered a cry, which, though uttered with all my power, was so quavering and plaintive that I could scarcely believe it my own.

"Halloo! who is that?" cried Harry.

"Who is what?" replied some one.

"Somebody spoke, and it was Champ's voice." Again I uttered my quavering call, and this time Harry discovered my situation.

"My God!" said he; "Champ, is that you?"

"It is," I replied, faintly.

"How did you— But this is no time for asking questions. Back water, men! he is under the boat!" Then to me:

"Can't you drop under the boat and rise on the outside?"

"I am too weak."

"Heavens! what is to be done? I'll come down for you."

"No," said I, "I am almost helpless. How far are we from the shore?"

"Only a few yards."

"Stop in about four feet of water."

"All right. Keep up your spirits; we'll soon have you ashore." Then to himself:

"My God! that's horrible! Only to think of it!"

A rude jar almost tore my grip from the grating.

"Carefully, boys," said Harry. Then to me, doubtfully, as if he expected no answer:

"Did you think that?"

"For God's sake don't jar the boat so again."

"Look out there, men! You'll be into that rock again."

"No fear, sir; we'll be ashore in a minute."

"We are almost in, Champ."

"Pull slowly," said I. "I'll drop my feet when I can touch."

"Here we are. Back water, men! There, that will do? Can you touch, Champ?"

"Yes."

My feet, swinging under the boat, floated against a rock, but my limbs were so utterly powerless that they bent under me with the first addition of weight. At that moment a hand clutched my foot, and a human form rose up by my side. I loosened my stiffened fingers from the grating, fell into Harry's arms, and the next moment gazed upon the outer world in all its gorgeous splendor.

The storm had passed by, and the hills were resplendently beautiful in their emerald bright verdure. A single beam of warm, yellow sunlight crowned the dark green summit of the opposite mountain, and brought into view one tree, which, though blasted and withered, still stood up among the contrasted vegetation to meet the gladsome light. Like that tree, bruised and withered, I leaned on the shoulder of my friend, under the light of heaven, surrounded by living forms, warm hearts and kind hands.

**OILING A VENTRILOQUIST.**—Many amusing stories are told of the masquer in which ventriloquists have imposed upon the ignorant and unsuspecting, but the following incident proves that, sometimes, the tables may be turned and the joker himself made the object of sport. A physician says that he was going down the Mississippi, some months since, on a steamer whose engine was upon the deck, and he sauntered in that vicinity to see the working of the machinery. Near by stood a man apparently bent on the same object. In a few moments a squeaking noise was heard on the opposite side of the engine. Seizing the oil-can—a very large one, by the way—the engineer sought out the dry spot, and, to prevent further noise of the same kind, liberally applied the contents of his can to every joint. All went well for awhile, when the squeaking was heard in another direction. The oiling process was repeated and quiet restored; but as the engineer was coming quietly around toward the spot occupied by the doctor and the stranger, he heard another squeak. This time he detected the true cause of the difficulty. Near by was a ventriloquist. Walking directly up behind him, he seized the unshaded joker by the l. k. of the neck, and emptied the contents of the can down his spine. "There!" said he, "I don't believe that engine will squeak again."

#### THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

SOME time since, the Executive Committee of the National Union Club at Washington issued a call for a Convention of Union men of all parties, to be held at Philadelphia, on the 14th of August. The call met with a prompt response, and district conventions were held in all the States, to appoint delegates to attend the grand rally. For the first time in several years representatives from all the States and Territories have now met in council, with the object of harmonizing discordant elements, and promoting good feeling and a speedy restoration of the Union.

The Convention was organized with Major-General John A. Dix as temporary chairman, and the appointment of the necessary committees. Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, was chosen president, and one delegate from each State and Territory appointed vice-president.

The proceedings of the Convention were characterized with unusual harmony, very few speeches being made,

and a sense of the grave responsibilities of the occasion prompting the members to act rather than to talk.

The building in which the sessions were held, familiarly known as the "Wigwam," was not completed,

and, in consequence, a considerable degree of discomfort was experienced. We give a view of the exterior of the Wigwam, according to the architect's plan. It is about one hundred feet in width and one hundred and sixty feet deep. The roof of the central portion is fifty feet above the floor, while that of the sides is forty feet.

The main front of the building is finished with an imposing entrance, and large windows for light and air.

On entering, there is a main floor one hundred and thirty feet long by seventy feet wide, on which planked board seats are placed for the delegates, with a platform at the further end for the officers and for the representatives of the press. Rising on either side are sixteen tiers of standing-places, which will accommodate four thousand or five thousand persons, who will have to stand. Over the main entrance, and facing the President, there is a stand for a band of music. Under the amphitheatrical stands for reporters are committee-rooms, telegraph offices, bar-rooms, etc. The interior is decorated with flags and a portrait of Andrew Johnson, while from the platform rises an arch with thirty-six sections, each section being the armorial insignia of a State, with Pennsylvania as a keystone. The roof is made water-tight with patent felting.

An interesting incident occurred at the opening of the Convention, the delegates from Massachusetts and South Carolina entering the building arm-in-arm, causing the highest degree of excitement and enthusiasm.

Outside the Wigwam, the crowds of carriages and pedestrians, and the booths for refreshments, presented a busy, changing scene, only repeating, however, the accompaniments of all large gatherings. We have devoted a considerable portion of our page this week to illustrate the prominent features of this Convention, which, in many respects, is the most important ever held in our country.

#### P. J. CULLINAN.

This gentleman, whose portrait we publish this week, was recently the happy instrument of saving the lives of four young ladies, who had ventured into water beyond a proper depth. Such acts of courage and daring are worthy of record, and one who risks his life to save others deserves the regard of his race.

The following account of the transaction, which occurred on the 3d of August, appeared in the daily papers:

"On Friday afternoon last, about four o'clock, as a bevy of young girls, whose parents are among the guests at Thompson's hotel, at the Neversink Highlands, were bathing in Shrewsbury river, near the steamboat landing, half a dozen of them got into the deep water, and four of them would probably have been drowned but for the timely assistance of a brave deliverer. With the alarm given this deliverer promptly appeared, in the person of a young gentleman of New York, Mr. P. J. Cullinan, who, without waiting even to take his watch from his pocket, plunged into the river, bringing up first one of the young ladies, and then one in each hand, who were lifted into boats brought to the rescue; but the fourth of the girls thus saved had gone to the bottom, and was secured by Mr. Cullinan only by diving and bringing her up by main strength. When brought to the shore she was completely insensible. She was a daughter of Gen. Hendrickson, a soldier of the Union army, in the late war, who bears something more in his person of the evidences of his services to his country than Gen. Santa Anna. The names of the girls are Miss Isabella Adams, of New Orleans; Miss Ella Van Wie, of New Jersey; and Miss Emma Birkhead of New York. Another of the party, Miss Henrietta Wallis, daughter of Dr. Geo. B. Wallis, of this city, being able to swim a little, not only saved herself, but a companion, Miss Mary Dodge, of New York, by pulling her ashore, and was instrumental in saving the others by instantly running for relief.

#### NEW JERSEY MARL PITS.

The advantages of marl as a fertilizer have been greatly overlooked in this country until within a very recent period. With our immense territory of rich soil in the new States, we had little care to improve lands worn out with long cultivation, and so neglected the means of maintaining the fertility of our farms, although they were often quite available. Of late years it has been found more advantageous to make lands adjacent to market as productive as possible, and immense sums have been expended for the various appliances which subserve that end. Among these, marl occupies a prominent place. It is found in almost inexhaustible quantities in many parts of the country, and can be profitably applied to almost any soil. The lower portions of New Jersey contain immense quantities of marl, and our illustration shows the manner of digging and sending it from the pits. It is easily cut out, and is thrown directly into the carts, which stand on convenient tracks, by which it is taken wherever it is needed. By its use lands that were quite barren have been made to produce liberally, rewarding amply the labor and money expended upon them.

#### BIERSTADT'S ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The London *Saturday Review* has the following appreciative notice of our countryman's picture, exhibited in London:

"Mr. Albert Bierstadt's large picture of 'The Rocky Mountains,' exhibited separately in the Haymarket, is remarkable for its reliance on a kind of interest which the general chorus of critics has hitherto persistently declared to be insufficient for artistic purposes. The received theory is, that without human interest the materials of natural landscape have no artistic availableness, and that no natural scenery, however beautiful, can affect us in a work of art, unless subtly connected in our minds with associations of history or tradition. Mr. Bierstadt is too true a lover of nature to feel bound by any such narrow theory as this, and his picture is the illustration of a scene which is absolutely devoid of all historic association whatever, and which, so far from being familiar to the eyes of tourists, had remained unvisited by white men until an exploring party, of which the artist was himself a member, discovered it in the year 1858.

"It is true that an Indian encampment is introduced in the foreground of the picture, but the strongest advocate of 'human interest' can scarcely maintain that the wretched existence of these savages counters any reflected glory of man's achievement on these towering crests beyond. We may even go further, and argue that the introduction of the Indian camp gives to the natural landscape an importance yet more overwhelming than if no human life were visible in its august presence. Here is a magnificent mountain-chain, a great series of natural fortresses, which all the power of the human race cannot remove, and which quietly stands in its place, armed with avalanche and glacier, and fortified with walls of solid rock ten thousand yards thick. Before this majestic strength of nature, here so inconvenient to westward-marching man, and so unconquerable by him, even all the armies of the North would be as insignificant as an army of ants before Stonehenge; but the artist has not given us men in their force, but men in their decrepitude, the remnant of an ill-used and suffering people, seeking respite and safety in the wilderness. And yet it is an interesting picture—in many respects, the most interesting landscape of the year. To some spectators, as certainly to ourselves, these summits may be not the less sublime that nobody has yet climbed upon them, and these valleys not the less beautiful because no large hotels have as yet been built in them for the accommodation of tourists.

"We can well believe that in the very loneliness and remoteness of this magnificent scenery Mr. Bierstadt has found a kind of fascination. He was the first artist who ever witnessed these glories, and his picture is the announcement of a discovery. This merit, such as it is, the work shares with many sketches which travelers bring home with them; but in this instance novelty of material is combined with unusual care and skill in artistic arrangement. This picture is not a piece of mere copyism of nature, but a work of thoughtful and elaborate art. It is evidently not accurate in the topographic sense; the painter has freely used materials combined, it is probable, from many memoranda; this we know at once from the absence of all stiffness and awkwardness in the composition. But notwithstanding this full use of artistic liberty, we receive no doubt a more complete impression of the character of the scenery than any piece of simple topography, however conscientious. His picture is not merely a topographical sketch; the painter has freely used materials combined, it is probable, from many memoranda; this we know at once from the absence of all stiffness and awkwardness in the composition. But notwithstanding this full use of artistic liberty, we receive no doubt a more complete impression of the character of the scenery than any piece of simple topography, however conscientious.

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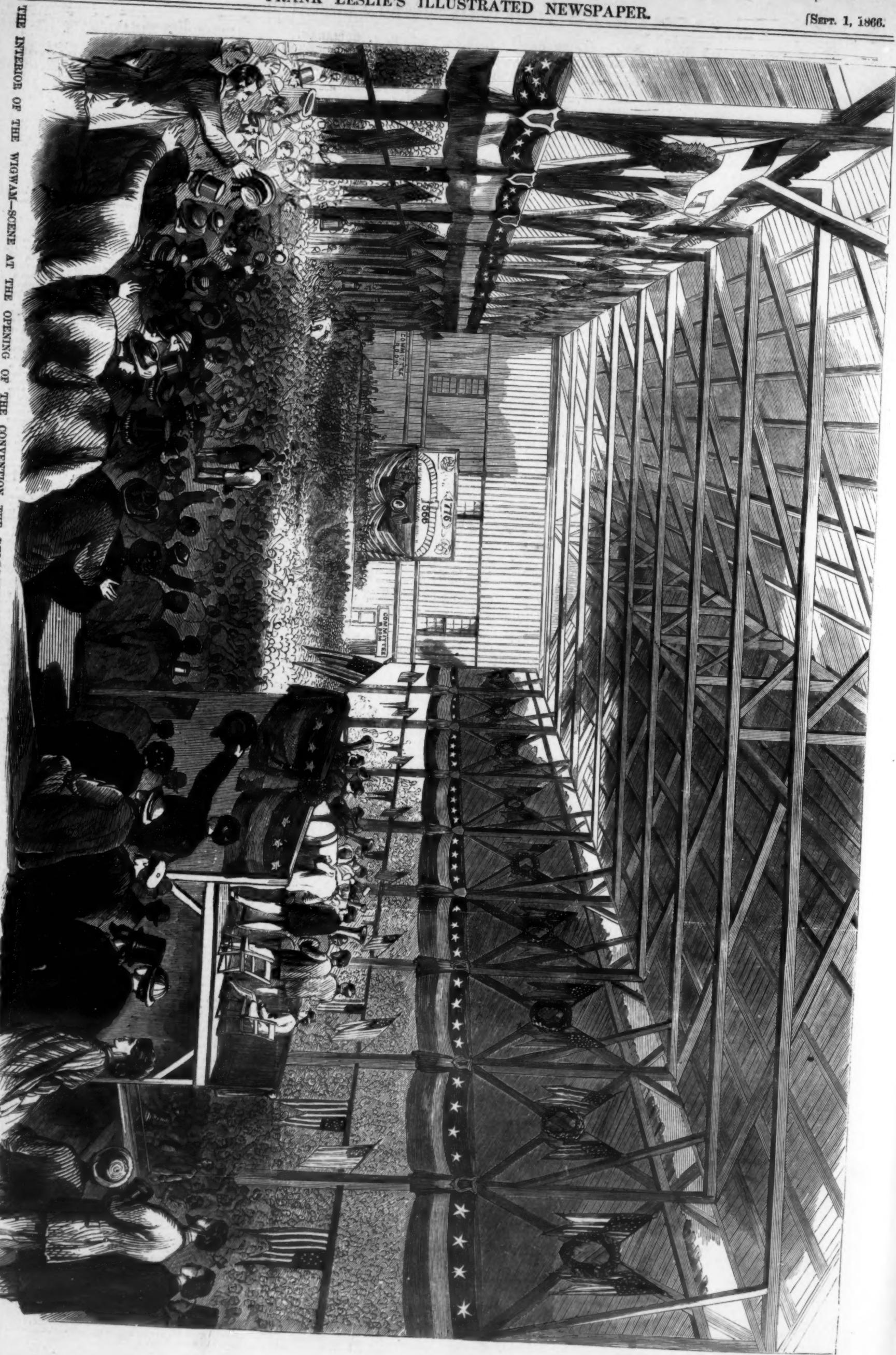
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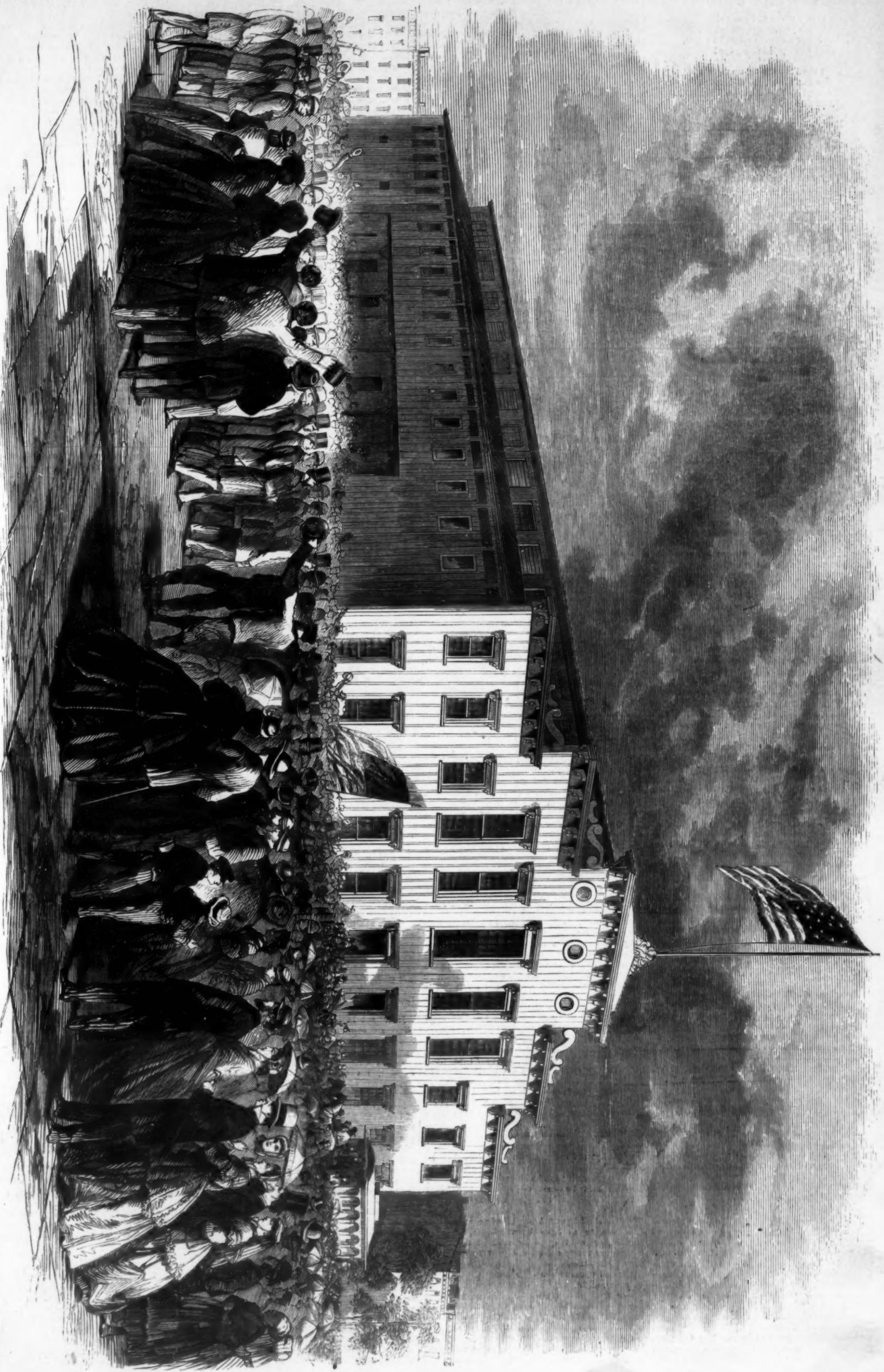
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(SEPT. 1, 1866.)



THE INTERIOR OF THE WIGWAM—SCENE AT THE OPENING OF THE CONVENTION—THE DELEGATES FROM MASSACHUSETTS AND SOUTH CAROLINA ENTERING ARM-IN-ARM.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. D. SCHILL.—SEE PAGE 376.

THE EXTERIOR OF THE GREAT WIGWAM, GIRARD AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, IN WHICH THE NATIONAL UNION CONVENTION HELD THEIR DELIBERATIONS ON TUESDAY 14TH, WEDNESDAY 15TH, AND THURSDAY 16TH, OF AUGUST.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHULZ.



**I NEVER WILL GROW OLD.**

Oh! no, I never will grow old,  
Though years on years roll by,  
And silver o'er my dark brown hair,  
And dim my laughing eye!

They shall not shrivel up my soul,  
Nor dim the glance of love  
My heart casts on this world of ours,  
And lifts to that above!

Now, with a passion for those haunts  
Where wild free nature reigns,  
With life's tide leaping through my heart,  
And reveling through my veins,

'Tis hard to think the time must come  
When I can seek no more,  
With step bold as a mountain child's,  
Deep dell and rocky shore;

No longer on my swift young steed,  
Bound o'er the hills as now,  
And meet half-way the winds that toss  
The loose locks from my brow!

Yet still my spirit may go forth  
Where fearless fancy leads,  
May take at will as glorious rides,  
On wild, invisible steeds!

Ye tell me as a morning dream  
Shall pass away, ere long,  
My humble, yet most passionate  
Adoring love of song.

No, no! life's ills may throng my way,  
And pride may bend the knee,  
And Hope's bright banner kiss the dust—  
The Muse shall deathless be!

## Madeline's Marriage; on, THE STEPDaUGHTER.

## CHAPTER VII.—FAMILY SECRETS.

MADELINE found Cyril awaiting her in the dining-room the next morning. The sunshine gave her assurance. She was as calm and as grave as he. He caught himself stealing curious glances at the quiet face with its pure colorless complexion and setting of heavy braids, at the graceless, girlish form, and the shy, proud way in which the young mistress of the Villa Desir did the honors of the breakfast-table.

"Did you rest well, Mrs. St. Hellens?" he inquired, maliciously assuming that impressive courtesy of the man of the world which is so embarrassing to its unsophisticated victim.

Madeline was just noticing the absurd contortions with which her own little face was reflected in every phase and upon every angle of the chased volutes of the massive silver service behind which she sat. The inquiry was not particularly amusing, and for all her dignity, she was awkward and uncomfortable; but as she opened her lips and said, "Oh, yes, thank you," all the grotesque little images opened their lips also, with such ludicrous effect that she smiled broadly; and, in her smile, gave her companion and critic a clue to the rarest charm of her face, and in a listless, amateur way he wished he could make her smile so again.

"Will you think me officious if I offer to introduce you to your new home?" he asked, present y-

"I should be glad to have you," she said soberly.

So when they had pushed their chairs back he rose, saying with bow, "I am at your service," and Madeline followed him, in and out the dark, high-studded chambers, with their mulioned windows, uncurtained except by the fog without, with their carved, massive high-post bedsteads, solid, cumbersome work-stands and secretaries, mirrors which had been brought from France before the Revolution—all the paraphernalia accumulated during a century, and seen dimly now through its coating of cobwebs and mold. "I'd no idea that the old house was in such a ruinous state," Cyril said, with a half shudder, as the doors they closed after them rang out dreary echoes. "You will have plenty to occupy you in getting established here," and he turned to Madeline, who followed, stopping quietly, and holding her hands folded in a sort of reverential way before her.

"Mr. St. Hellens told mamma that he intended furnishing the house as soon as we got here," she said, simply.

"If my father's health had been better he would, of course, have relieved you of the responsibilities which will fall upon you now," her guide replied, with significance.

The drawing-room had its bookcase—the key lost, the volumes long unread; its spinnet, untouched by any fingers which had not been dust for many a year; ottomans bordered with faded wreaths; all the memorials of life and interest which outlived their time and are inexpressibly touching.

The two who stood silently in the dingy room—handsome, fresh-hearted, young—seemed out of place, like shameless usurpers come to trouble the past. The rooms belonged rather to the silent portraits whose dark eyes followed them from the walls, with dreary reproach—to the ancestral St. Hellenses, who kept watch from the canvas that had outlasted the clay. Madeline shivered—something of this sort coming into her mind; and Cyril, his own spirits somehow clogged, hurried her away.

It was pleasanter out of doors. The tall magnolia trees were still glistening and green, and the sward smooth as velvet. There was a hedge of roses, all abloom; some of the blossoms as white and pure as the cluster that one of the pic-

tured lady's in the parlor held in her jeweled hand; others, creamy and perfect as wax, dyed gorgeous with Syrian crimson, with damask, and red, and every one fresh and dewy. Madeline broke off branch after branch, with avaricious extravagance. All at once, pausing with a pained look, she said:

"Can you tell me why Mr. St. Hellens does not like roses?"

Cyril looked surprised.

"Does he not?"

"No," said Madeline, going back to those days which were really so near, in the past, and which yet seemed so very far away: "I took him some roses when I first knew him, and Simon said he could not bear the perfume."

"Simon?"

"Yes."

"Strange!" said Cyril St. Hellens.

Something about his expression gave Madeline courage to ask a question, or rather to define a thought, which had come to her time and again through the days of the journey—a troubling thought which refused to be put off.

"I don't understand"—she hesitated, and looked into Cyril's face, hoping he would comprehend her meaning, but his eyes were dropped, and he waited—"about—Simon," she added, with a sort of gasping determination.

"He has been with my father a great many years," was the reply.

"Yes—I know;" but her tone was unsatisfied.

There was a brief pause.

"Shan't we rest a few moments while you arrange your roses?"

She followed him to a rustic bench near, and they sat down.

"I don't know that I care for them," she said, indifferently. "I was thinking I would take them to Mr. St. Hellens, and then I remembered."

She began plucking off the petals and scattering them around, with her eyes fastened upon them. Cyril studied her. But there was not a line in her face that offered a clue to her history or her character.

"I really don't believe she is ambitious," he mused. "What in the world has tempted her?"

"You are very young to have married, Mrs. St. Hellens," he vouchsafed.

"I am sixteen."

He smiled.

"And my father is forty-seven."

"I thought he was older than that," she said, rather carelessly.

"I think he looks older. He has had so much poor health—and so many keen disappointments."

She looked up with interest, then.

"Has he told you nothing of his life?" seeing that he had touched the right chord.

"Nothing."

"He has a daughter, you know," trying to rouse her curiosity.

"Yes—"

"And yet you are his first wife." Cyril spoke abruptly.

Madeline's large eyes grew grave with surprise.

"I do not think," continued Cyril, "that I shall violate any confidence in telling you something of his history."

She was silent, neither inviting nor declining.

"That is, if you would like to hear?"

"I should like to." Her voice was earnest; in a manner abashed.

"Mr. St. Hellens and my mother—were once engaged," he began, with some little hesitation.

"They were about of an age, twenty or twenty-one, at the time. The engagement was brought about by the parents of both. They had never met until just prior to the time proposed for their marriage. It is not necessary to say much about their relation—"

"No," said Madeline, hastily; pray, do not tell me anything which is disagreeable to you."

"There is nothing disagreeable," he answered, somewhat haughtily. "In visiting my mother Mr. St. Hellens met a relative—a distant relative of hers—a Mexican by birth, whose name was Isa Carstarphard. Miss Carstarphard was very beautiful—very different from my mother—a lawless, untamed child the family considered her, for she was only fifteen. She was seldom brought to the parlor, and still took her meals with her governess in the nursery. But stopping, as he was in the habit of doing, at Badeau place—my mother was a Badeau—he met Miss Carstarphard—rather clandestinely, I think—and having seen her, he fell, for the first time in his life, violently in love. His engagement with my mother meantime continued, and preparations for their marriage advanced, while he and Miss Carstarphard were continually and secretly meeting, and his whole heart was pledged to her. In speaking of his conduct since, he has often told me how little he justified it to himself. He seemed, he says, so wound in the toils of the numerous circumstances, that not a finger was free, and accident at last detected and extricated him. It was only a week previous to the wedding."

"But you do not mean that he—that he had—"

"I do not understand what you mean."

"You said he—never—married any one?"

Madeline attempted to say, in explanation of her meaning.

"You shall hear. A week before my mother and he were to have been married, she and her father went quite by accident to a room which was rarely occupied, except by the ladies for a little while in the morning, and it was now dusk; and opening the door suddenly, they saw, by the firelight, Mr. St. Hellens with Miss Carstarphard, passionately clasped in each other's arms. My grandfather's anger was excessive at this outrage against his hospitality and honor, and as he attempted to visit it upon Miss Carstarphard, Mr. St. Hellens immediately and fully explained. His marriage with my mother was, of course, rendered impracticable—he begged permission to marry Miss Carstarphard. My grandfather would not listen to his entreaties; he was exasperated beyond

measure, he ordered Mr. St. Hellens from the house, and the following day started with Miss Carstarphard for Baton Rouge, where he placed her in a convent. Mr. St. Hellens used every means to propitiate him, to obtain pardon, and permission to marry the woman he loved. His own parents, however, were nearly as severe as my mother's, and he found himself perfectly powerless in his separation from Miss Carstarphard.

He learned with some difficulty, at last, that she was in a *Maison Religieuse*, of the Order of X—, and with despairing determination followed her. It was not until some months after they had been parted that he obtained the interest and friendship of one of the porters—the head porter, in fact, of the convent—Simon—"

"Simon!" Madeline repeated the name with a start, white to her very lips.

"Yes; he occupied rather an authoritative and confidential position, having charge of many of the business transactions of the *religieuses*, and being in high favor, and completely trusted by the Mother Superior, owing to some peculiar circumstances of his life—"

"Peculiar circumstances?" interrupted Madeline.

"Yes; his history was rather a strange one; and the mystery is how Mr. St. Hellens ever won him over, for he was fanatical in his devotion to the church. However, he succeeded in corrupting him—as they called it—until he agreed to enable him to meet Miss Carstarphard for one last time, for they had wrought upon her imaginative, excitable temperament until they had persuaded her to take the veil, and she was undergoing by this time the ordeal of preparation. It was the night previous to the ceremony that the interview was accomplished. That night the novice was obliged to spend alone, in the chapel, in prayer. The chapel was at some distance from the dormitories, and at midnight Mr. St. Hellens was admitted, by Simon's agency, for a final interview, on earth, with the bride of the church. It was a moonlight night. He advanced cautiously through the corridors, opened the door of the chapel, and found Miss Carstarphard prostrate before the altar, upon the floor. He spoke, touched her. She did not answer. He raised her in his arms and found her lifeless, and so worn and wan that he would have hardly recognized her. He believed that her fasts and vigils had killed her; and in the madness of the moment the sacrifice was forgotten—for the St. Hellenses were all strict Catholics, and it was, therefore, truly a sacrifice—and he carried her with him from the convent. Next morning, secreted in his room, she recovered her consciousness. If repentance was possible to them, a return was not. The novice was missed, Simon implicated, and Mr. St. Hellens traced. There was no alternative but flight, and accordingly the three were smuggled on board a vessel bound for France. No legal marriage, according to their joint religious views, was possible. They, therefore, secreted themselves in a quiet hamlet, and lived absorbed and content in each other. Some years passed. Mr. St. Hellens's parents and my mother's were dead, and my mother married. Then they came back, unremarked and unannounced, and established themselves in the seclusion of Villa Desir. It was then that the apartments which your husband occupies were fitted up—"

Cyril St. Hellens paused and looked at his companion. She was gazing at him with steady, startled eyes, her face perfectly blanched, her nerveless fingers dropped heavily in her lapful of wilting roses.

"Why, what is the matter?" he exclaimed. "Does my story frighten you, Mrs. St. Hellens?"

"Why, no," she said, trying to shake off her nervousness.

"But what is the matter, then?" and he looked at her with actual anxiety. "What are you thinking of, that you look so scared?"

"Why—I don't know," she answered, faintly, glancing around her with a sort of bewilderment.

"You are tired, perhaps? Shall I finish some other time? The sun is getting into our eyes, too. I will tell you the rest to-night. I shall have to make the most of my time, for I must leave Desir to-morrow."

"Well," she acquiesced, rising as if something oppressed her. On their way to the house they met Simon.

"Mr. St. Hellens would receive them," he said. It did not at the moment occur to either how strange it was the man should thus assume the control of his master's time—the privilege of excluding or admitting his son and his wife.

In his strange, helpless lethargy—his brain clouded, his body weak—he seemed to have slipped out of his place in this faint present—to have lapsed into the vivid past.

Madeline, still keenly, experienced a sense of her usurpation and intrusion. What had she to meddle with the ashes of the consuming passion which had withered the life of the man who, for pity, had married her? What right to assume the place, to ask for the regard, whose memory even belonged so sacredly to another? Was he not better left to the care of the one being who linked him with what he had lost? She followed the mulatto as if in a dream.

Mr. St. Hellens's apartments were bright and cheerful—but to Madeline they were crowded with ghosts. The rooms were small, but quite perfect in their way. Of the suite, one door was closed—always closed, Madeline found afterward.

## CHAPTER VIII.—A NEW CAREER.

Their interview with Mr. St. Hellens was, of course, a mere ceremony. He lay in his dead, unfeverish sleep, still growing older and older, more and more frail—the mask which covered his perceptions and obscured his mind steadily more impenetrable. He had not recognized Cyril an instant. Sometimes wandering for a moment, he talked of Madeline, seeming to reproach himself.

"You have sent for Dr. James, I suppose?" Cyril said to Simon.

"Yes, sir, last evening. He was here an hour since."

Cyril exhibited no surprise; it was customary that Simon should act unquestioned.

But Madeline, when they were alone in the drawing-room, late that afternoon, said, rather hesitatingly:

"I should have liked to have heard the doctor's opinion of Mr. St. Hellens."

"I have fallen into the way of trusting everything to Simon, because my father gave him absolute authority. Simon is free, you know; he is well educated, and really possesses talent. Sometimes I used to feel that my father gave up to him rather too implicitly, but I believe his interest and friendship of one of the porters—the head porter, in fact, of the convent—Simon—"

"Simon!" Madeline repeated the name with a start, white to her very lips.

"Yes; he occupied rather an authoritative and confidential position, having charge of many of the business transactions of the *religieuses*, and being in high favor, and completely trusted by the Mother Superior, owing to some peculiar circumstances of his life—"

Madeline did not pursue the subject.

She and Cyril sat in the twilight, on either side the fire. They were thinking of one another speculatively. The girl's little head with its weight of hair rested upon her hand. The uncertain light left her at times in a deep shadow, and then revealed her attitude and expression; the molding of the broad, white brow, the little quiver of the crimson lips, the very tint of the drooping lashes.

"This will be rather a dull life for you, I fear, Mrs. St. Hellens," said Cyril, after a silence.

"You think so because you, yourself, find it dull?" she asked, with an arch smile.

"Yes," he said, candidly. "I should find it very dull."

"How do you live, Mr. St. Hellens—in the world—I mean in society, you know?" She asked the question so innocently that it amused him.

"You do not know much of society, I expect?" he said.

"No."

"It will be easier for me to show you than to tell you. Now, what is your idea of it—of a party, for instance?"

"Oh, I don't know. Music and dancing and gay dresses, and all that. I have never thought much about it."

"When I return from Baltimore I shall bring some of my friends—some of the friends of the family, to visit you. In the meantime you will have a chance to get these dingy old rooms refurbished.

"Are you going to Baltimore?"

"Yes—I have delayed, waiting for my father's arrival. It is on account of Isa Carstarphard that I go, you know. There is some faint chance of finding her at length, it seems."

"Isa Carstarphard!" exclaimed Madeline, "Mr. St. Hellens's—"

"His daughter. The mother has been dead ten years. Dead to Mr. St. Hellens for fifteen."

"Ah, yes!"

"We believe that she, too, has been detained in a *Maison Religieuse*."

"For fifteen years, did you say?" asked Madeline, abstractedly.

</

forms which her fancy conjured, oppressed her more than even the watchful pictures and weird reflections that looked from the mouldy mirrors.

She fled out of doors. The spicy air of October, with the rustle and hush of its falling leaves and dropping nuts, and long, purple-misted calms, were very gracious to her. But the storms began soon—days of fine, driving rain, and of clouds which never lifted as she watched them, and nights when the loose windows rattled, and the branches of the old trees swung with wails and moans against the casements.

She made no effort to divest her surroundings of their gloom. When her silent supper had been served, the servants went off to their quarters; the heavy oaken door which opened into the passage leading to the wing was closed, and no sight or sound of companionship came to the half-scared girl as she sat in the great drawing-room alone, watching the two candles, in the tall, solid silver branches, burn slowly away, till ten o'clock came, and Hebe, a warm little yellow girl, opened the door to see if "Miss Madeline would like to go to bed?" upon which they went quietly up-stairs to the oak room, with its panels ever ready to open, the great ruffled pillows and suffocating curtains of the bed, through which she saw dimly by the firelight the weird, wicked eyes of the fantastic faces, and the grim, lion-like claws of the carvings upon the furniture, and, watching them, fell asleep. It was one of those epochs, vacant of work for hands or hearts in which character crystallizes unawares.

A month had gone; Cyril had not returned. Nothing had happened. Then one evening, when the candles had just begun to burn away, she was startled by Simon entering the room. She had never liked Simon. She seemed still to possess that instinct which dogs and children have, and what had been at first an indefinite dislike was settling into a positive dread. His resolved, uncompromising expression, and quiet, cold respect, made her shudder.

He begged her pardon in his calm, undergating way, as he came in, petrifying her into dignity; he had a few words to say to her. She looked at him inquiringly.

"I have just received a letter from Mr. Cyril, Mrs. St. Hellens."

"Ah?"

It interested her to hear anything.

"He is not to return until Christmas."

"No?"

"That, however, is not the point. I see that you shrink from the trouble, which some one must take, of making these rooms habitable. Mr. Cyril hopes to find you comfortable on his return. If you approve, I will undertake what I presume my master would have delegated to me, had his health remained unimpaired."

Madeline hesitated.

"If Miss Carstarpherd returns with Mr. Cyril," and Simon's eyes flashed keenly a moment into her face, "it seems proper that she should find a suitable home."

"Yes. Very well," Madeline answered, in a relieved way. "Did the letter mention her coming?"

"No, madam," and the crafty eyes met hers again, and dropped instantly, and Simon retired.

The next month was busy enough at the Villa Desir—*le n'est que le premier pas que conté*—and once launched upon the work of change, Madeline engrossed herself delightedly with its details. She had never had dolls, or dresses, or Chrismas-boxes—those things that sap enthusiasm as it accumulates—and she mingled a childish pleasure with a womanish taste in sorting and harmonizing. Her eyes grew bright, and a faint pink came into her pale cheeks. The authority, which was forced by degrees upon her, helped her to assert her position with herself.

Christmas week Cyril returned. He was never accustomed to stop at Desir. He had his rooms in the city. He rode out, however, soon after his arrival.

It was late in the winter afternoon. The sun had sunk in a sea of orange, that faded into the frosty gray of the twilight sky, as Madeline recognized him coming up the avenue. It gave her just a little thrill of excitement and pleasure that some one was coming. She glanced around the rooms, and wondered if he would like the change?

Cyril was used to handsome rooms; the Verrells, and the Beauchamps, and the Antones had richer curtains and softer carpets. He would not be apt to notice these. But Madeline had made the drawing-room of Desir unique. Against the wall hung glistening festoons of holly, brightened with berries, and other festoons to meet them of mistletoe, heavy with opals and pearls, making a splendor of Christmas jewels for the yule-time. Madeline's bright taste and little starved heart crept out toward the glow and warmth of the festival. She had made mottoes of the scriptural box and fir, and wreaths and devices for the chimney corner, twisting the running pine around the glittering candelabras and the frame of the pictured lady, who carried her summer roses still; and bright and eager she drew Cyril into the room like an expectant child, and then, frightened at her freedom, waited for him to speak. He looked at her first, she was so like some dainty cameo. Her small, classical head, full fronted, nevertheless, seemed always drooping with its heavy coils of hair; the exquisite cutting of her features, and the marvelous purity of her skin heightened the semblance. He was not used to her sort of beauty.

"The rooms were pretty—yes, very pretty," but he did not seem to be thinking of them.

"I have not found her, Mrs. St. Hellens," he said, in a troubled way.

Madeline had longed to know. She had coveted the coming of the girl with her strange title. Her life was lonesome; she sighed:

"I am very sorry."

"Do you think my father will understand—is there any change?"

"Not any."

"I must see him." "I will go with you. I have been waiting for you, and have not seen him to-day."

Emerging through the dark, narrow passages, they were dazzled by a soft, clear light. Some faint aroma lingered upon the air, and a rapt strain of a Christmas melody came toward them. They started, looking at each other, seeming to shrink back on the threshold of an enchantment.

"It is some of Simon's witchery," said Cyril, advancing, with a light laugh, and they entered Mr. St. Hellens's chamber.

The invalid's eyes were unclosed, with a dreamy, clairvoyant expression; his lips moved, and just this faint emanation of vitality seemed to hover over his shrunken frame, like the poise of a spirit ready for flight.

Opposite the bed was erected an altar. It was draped in satin, heavily embroidered, dimmed, perhaps, by age, but inexpressibly gorgeous and soft by the light of the wax candles, which burned upon it, before a picture of Our Lady—a fair and dazzling picture, with a face of ineffable beauty, sad under its crown of light. A silver standard before the Madonna overflowed with flowers, thrilling in odor and vivid of tint, and among them flashed the jewels of a woman's trinkets, the brilliants of necklaces, the rubies of a brooch, making a core of glitter in the surrounding shadows of the heavily festooned room; while a faint profundity of music came through the closed door of the sealed chamber, where some imprisoned spirit of deepest organ chords struggled in a music-box of rare power.

Madeline held her breath. The tempting, sentient influence of an entralling religion throbbed around her. She realized what had been in the woman's heart who had stolen away from love and home, bartering the poor present for the intoxication of infinite mystery—who had given up all this dim, fading earthly, for an everlasting spiritual.

Cyril was speaking to his father. He spoke her name:

"You know, sir, who I mean—your Isa."

The sick man did not understand him. He had lapsed from this actual Christmas Eve to one of a quarter of a century ago, and Cyril was obliged at last to leave him to his muddled memories.

He and Madeline returned to the parlor.

"Simon has extinguished me," she said, with childish disappointment that her decorations did not compare with those of her husband's room.

He looked around gravely, with a kind of pity for the little thing, an idea of soothing her disappointment, as one does that of a child.

"You must go with me to the cathedral tomorrow, Mrs. St. Hellens; and, by-the-way, I got tickets for the opera Thursday night, presuming you would go. It is the first night of the season—"

Madeline's eyes met those of the young man openly, with a steady candor.

"Is that right, Mr. St. Hellens?" she asked.

"You mean?"

Her face crimsoned.

"You know I told you I knew so little of the world; and I would not—"

"I understand you," he answered, with an unwanted thrill of admiration and respect; "and I believe"—and he smiled reassuringly—"that I would be as sensitive concerning propriety as you, if you had graduated under Mrs. Grundy, and, above all, as jealous of Mrs. Henri St. Hellens's impression upon the world as she herself."

She looked satisfied.

"There is one thing," he continued, with a short, embarrassed laugh, "that I will speak of, Mrs. St. Hellens, since you have made me a sort of court of appeal."

Madeline looked at him anxiously. Somehow she was always prepared for the old fault-finding, which had hurt her so.

"I think"—he paused—"you will not mind what I say?"

"Oh, no," wonderingly.

"Well, then, would you not rather call me by my first name?"

She started.

"You know—"

Her face flushed again to her temples.

"Yes, of course. I am your father's wife;" and she, for once, was less embarrassed than he.

"Now," he added, "I must say good night."

"Won't you take tea with me?" in a little, beseeching way.

He was engaged that evening—a Christmas Tree at the Verrells—and yet he hesitated for a minute. It was Christmas eve. It did seem hard to leave the little creature all alone that night. But the long evening—one of them on each side of the fire! His father's wife was pretty and innocent, but she was not at all *piquante*. He would send her some little gift as a surprise for Christmas morning and take her to the cathedral to hear the music, and he hoped she would soon get acquainted with some one, for he didn't really see how she lived in a vacuum. But as to staying to tea with her!—

"It is really impossible to-night," he said; and she acquiesced, with her sober, little smile, and, watching him wistfully out of the door, she went back to the company of the tall candles.

**SACREDNESS OF TEARS.**—There is a sacredness in tears. They are not a mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, of unspeakable love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man is not mortal, I would look for it in the strong, convulsive emotions of the breast, when the soul has been deeply agitated, when the fountains of feeling are arising, and when the tears are gushing forth in crystal streams. Oh, speak not harshly to the stricken one weeping in silence. Break not the deep solemnity by rude laughter or intrusive footsteps. Despite not woman's tears—they are what make her an angel. Snuff not the stern heart of manhood; it sometimes melts to tears—they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection. They are painted tokens, but still most holy. There is a pleasure in tears—an awful pleasure. If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should be loath to live; and if no one might weep over my grave, I could never die in peace.

## THE CONTRAST.

BY MRS. T. DAVIS.

Joy, joy for the beautiful birds  
Who build with singing their nests,  
And joy for the children, whose pleasant words  
Flow out from their innocent breasts;  
But, alas! for the heart that is old,  
Ere time a shadow hath cast,  
Whose hope is vanished, whose love is cold,  
Whose pleasures are all with the past.

Oh well for the lambs in the grass,  
That playfully gambol and leap,  
And well for the mother, whose bright hours pass  
In singing her baby to sleep;  
But, alas! for the woman, who ne'er  
Hath cradled a babe on her breast—  
Who never hath felt of a mother the fear  
And hope and delicious unrest.

## From Ancona to Rome.

We had been traveling for a good many months through Germany, and had just crossed over from Trieste (that modern Babel, where you hear every language that is spoken under the sun) to Ancona, the nearest port to Rome. From the sea, Ancona looks beautiful enough, and it possesses, in Trajan's triumphal arch, one of the most perfect relics of antiquity; but a very few minutes on shore are quite enough to prove that you are a long way indeed from honest, clean Germany. It makes one almost ill, even now, to think of the dirt, and the beggars, and the smells, and the cheating we encountered there.

To avoid spending the night in Ancona, we lost no time in hiring a carriage for Loretto, the first stage on our journey toward Rome. We were charged enormously for it, but it broke down before we were fairly out of the town, and an hour or two was wasted in patching up the broken springs. Whenever we came to a hill (and the road for the first day was almost nothing but hills) our postillions set up a shout—the first time to our considerable alarm. The shout, however, meant no harm, but was intended merely as a signal to any one who might be plowing near, and the signal was readily understood. A couple of oxen or cows (as was the case in one instance) were taken out of the plow and harnessed as leaders to our team. Our equipage consisted at such times of a very rheumatic carriage and four still more rheumatic horses—horses and carriage all being drawn up the hill by a pair of oxen; a conductor and a soldier occupied the box, the former intended as our defense against the postillions, and the latter against the bandits; while the ox-driver, goad in hand, walked leisurely by the side, pricking the poor, patient beasts every now and then by way of diversion. And yet, after all, this is the bright side of the picture; for there are no beggars. For example: just at the end of our day's journey, we reached the bottom of the hill, on which stands Loretto, and full half the town must have been lying in wait for us, men, women and children—all intent on begging. They rushed out of their ambush with frantic cries and gestures, all begging in the same tone, and almost in the same words, always ending, "For love of Maria Madonna!" Some tried flattery: "Your Excellency!" "Great Prince-General!" "A halfpenny!" Others attempted to work on our compassion; "Fame, fame! I have fourteen brothers and sisters, all orphans, and starving! Date mi qualche cosa!" The dirtiest of them all—and no words can describe how dirty an Italian beggar is—squeezed up close, in hopes of squeezing something out of us through sheer disgust. They knew well that the steepness of the hill left us at their mercy, for our horses could not possibly go faster than a walking pace. At length, to our vast relief, we found refuge in the dreary, dirty hotel, at the top.

Except Rome itself, there is no spot in all Italy so sacred as Loretto. No one need be told the reason, for the Santa Casa, or Holy House, has been heard of by everybody. It claims to be the very building in which the Virgin lived at Nazareth, in which the angel Gabriel appeared to her, and in which the blessed Lord passed His early life; and its claims are sanctioned by all the authority of the Roman Church: yet at Nazareth itself, as might be expected, there is a rival Santa Casa, making equal claim to be genuine. The tradition is of comparatively modern date, for it can be traced no further back than the fifteenth century, and it is first (Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine," p. 444) recited in detail in a bull of Leo X., bearing date of A.D. 1518.

The story itself, and the evidence on which it rests, is written in all the languages of Europe round the walls of the cathedral in which the Santa Casa stands. We subjoin the English version, from a copy published by authority, which we purchased on the spot:

### THE MIRACULOUS ORIGIN AND TRANSLATION OF THE CHURCH OF OUR B. LADY OF LORETO.

"The Church of Loreto was a chamber of the house of the B. V. nigh Jerusalem in the city of Nazareth, in which she was born and bred and saluted by the angel and therein concealed and brought up her son Jesus to the age of twelve years. This chamber after the ascension of our Saviour was by the apostles consecrated into a church in honor of our B. Lady, and S. Luke made a picture to her likeness, extant therein, to be seen at this very day. It was frequented with great devotion by the people of the country where it stood, whilst they were Catolicks, but when leaving the faith of Christ they followed the sect of Mahomet, the angels took it and carrying it into Scialonia, placed it by a town called Flumen, where not being had in due reverence, they again transported it over sea, to a wood in the territory of Kecanati, belonging to a noble woman called Loreta, from whom it first took the name of our B. Lady of Loreto, and thence again they carried it by reason of the many robberies committed, to

a mountain of two brothers in the said territory and from thence finally, in respect of their disagreement about the gifts and offerings, to the common highway not far distant, where it now remains without foundation, famous for many signs, graces, and miracles, whereat the inhabitants of Kecanati who often came to see it, much wondering, environed it with a strong and thick wall, yet could no man tell whence it came originally till in the year M.CC.XC.VI. the B. V. appeared in sleep to a holy devout man, to whom she revealed it, and he doverged it to others of authority in this province, who determining forthwith to try the truth of the vision, resolved to choose XVI. men of credit, who to that effect should go altogether to the city of Nazareth, as they did, carrying with them the treasure of the church, and comparing there with the foundation yet remnant, they found them wholly agreeable, and in a wall thereby engraven that it had stood there and had left the place, which done, they presently returning back, published the premises to be true, and from that time forwards it hath byn certainly knowne that this church was the chamber of the B. V. to which Christians began then, and have ever since had, great devotion, far that in it daily she hath donne and doth many and many miracles, one Friar Pavi de Silva an ermit of great sanctity who lived in a cottage nigh unto this church, whither daily he went to matins, said that for ten yeares' space, on the VIII. of September two hours before day he saw a light descend from heaven upon it which he said was the B. V. who there shewed her-self on the feast of the nativity. In confirmation of all which two vertuous men of the said city of Kecanati divers times declared unto mee Prefect of Terreman and Governor of the forenamed church, as followeth the one cald Paul Konalduci avouched that his grandfather's grandfather sawe when the angels brought it over sea, and placed it in the forementioned wood, and had often visited it there, the other called Francis Prior, in like sort affirmed, that his grandfather being C.XX. yeares ouid had also much frequented it in the same place, and for a further proof, that it had byn there, he reported that his grandfather's grandfather had a house nigh unto it, wherein he dwelt, and that in his time it was carryed by the angels from thence to the mountaine of the two brothers where they placed it as above said, to the honour of the ever glorious Virgin."

Loretto consists almost entirely of one long street—the very paradise of beggars—tenanted by numberless sellers of rosaries and painted candles: indeed, we began to doubt whether anything else could be purchased in the town. At the end of this long street stands the vast cathedral, massive as a fortress, and flanked by the huge palace of the governor. In the centre of its nave stands the Santa Casa. On the outside it is faced with marble, magnificently carved; but within, it has all the appearance of a poor cottage (its size is thirty-seven feet by sixteen), and its walls are of bare brick unplastered. It is fitted up as a chapel; and over the altar and, if we recollect right, standing a little back, is the famous statue of "Our Lady of Loretto," carved (so tradition has it), by no less an artist than the evangelist St. Luke himself. It is of wood, and quite black, apparently with age. Once it was covered with jewels, and even still it is richly ornamented. The altar is placed a yard or two in advance of the wall, exactly in front of the chimney of the Casa; and a passage is shut off behind it, by which access is obtained to the fireplace. In the fireplace itself is a sort of faldstool, or *prie-dieu*; and to our astonishment every pilgrim seemed to think his devotions incomplete till he had knelt there and uttered a short prayer, looking up the chimney.

A hundred and twenty masses are daily said within the cathedral walls. In the Holy House, too, mass is continually being recited, and it is considered no slight honor to be allowed to officiate there. Round the outside of the shrine may constantly be seen (as it was the case when we were there) troops of pilgrims—old and young, high and low—all slowly progressing on their knees, a well-worn track in the pavement marking the route. A noble bronze door closes the Casa, and on it there is a prominent figure of our Saviour. Strange to say, unless our eyes altogether deceive us, portions of it had been fairly worn away by the kisses of the faithful, or the credulous.

But it was time to be leaving Loretto, for many weary miles and many most uninviting meals lay between us and our journey's end. Slowly then we kept traveling on night and day toward Rome. We passed along the vale of Clitumnus, still famous, so they say, for its white oxen. Socrates lay a little to our left, not just then, unfortunately, having its head white with snow; and Tivoli—gelidam Tibur—was glittering in the distance, while the few remains of Veii we passed close by. Then came a turn in the road, and we caught our first sight of Rome. There it lay, miles off, across the desolate Campagna, with little which we could make out except one great glorious dome, towering high above everything else.

The approach to Rome is impressive from its very solitude. We saw no human being for miles except savage-looking shepherds with matted hair, in long, frowzy brown cloaks, taking care of a few ragged sheep, and followed by lean, fierce-eyed dogs. On the last night of our journey we



QUEEN EMMA, QUEEN DOWAGER OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY  
C. D. FREDRICKS & CO.

#### THE SWILL AND GARBAGE GATHERERS.

It is a common remark, that some people can live on what others waste; and its truthfulness is constantly exemplified in every large city. A fastidious taste rejects what necessity eagerly clutches, and so everything has its use, and even the refuse from one's tables and kitchens possesses sufficient value to be carefully collected and taken away for future use. This is the occupation of the swill-gatherer, a specimen of whom is shown in the accompanying illustration. The picture is a common, if not an attractive one, and as a type of our society, and one of the institutions of our city, possesses sufficient interest to be formally presented to the public. For through the alchemy of our republicanism, we shall shortly see some of these despised and humble scavengers fitted to become sovereigns, invested with the franchise of citizens, and in all probability converted into Aldermen and similar dignitaries. We must not despise small things, and we should not despise the material out of which shall hereafter be formed voters and office-holders, and magnates of every degree.

These swill-gatherers are invariably foreigners—Irish and German, usually—who, with their carts drawn by dogs or goats, or both, perambulate the streets, and carry off the garbage that is deposited each morning in the boxes or gutters. Nothing comes amiss to them: the refuse of the kitchen, scraps of every kind, pieces of coal, rags, old paper; they find a use for all, and pursue their calling as industriously as if they were occupying a far more exalted sphere. When their cart is full, or they have completed their round, they repair to their home—an humble shanty generally, on the outskirts of the city—and there assort their miscellaneous load.

The swill is fed to pigs and goats, of which they always keep a sufficient number to consume their daily collection; the coal is put aside for fuel, and the rags, paper, scraps of iron, etc., are put by themselves, and in due time sold to the regular dealers in such articles. From the various products thus obtained, these people manage to eke out a livelihood, and sometimes to accumulate the means of bet-

#### SHOOTING THE RAPIDS IN A NEW GRANADIAN RIVER.

BUEAVVENTURA, a small seaport of New Granada, just to the southward of Panama, is at the mouth of the Dagua, a little stream dignified with the name of river, but in reality nothing but a mountain-torrent, but rendered important as being the only means of communication with a rich and comparatively thickly populated country.

Down this torrent, in small canoes, all the products of the country are sent, and European goods in return sent back. The dexterity which these canoe-men evince, and the labor they perform, are really wonderful; for though the mountain-stream has two heavy falls and a series of rapids, only wide enough for a small canoe, yet up and down this unpromising and seemingly impracticable stream hundreds of tons of freight

and many passengers are borne. But one passenger can be accommodated in each canoe, and he must always remain in a reclining position. The descent is frightful; but one loses all fear in admiration of the dexterity of the negro canoe-men, who stand, one at the stern with ready paddle, to sheer the light bark in either direction, while the bow-man, with his long pole poised in air, stands with eye intent upon the boiling rapid as the canoe whirls like lightning down the current, ready at any instant to ward her off a dangerous rock.

The ascent is accomplished by boatmen wading often neck-deep, the one ahead and the other astern shoving their light craft against the stream. Often in flying through a rapid the water will boil over the gunwales, when the canoe-man, without a moment relaxing his vigilance, using his foot for a scoop, will, with a wonderful knock, bail the boat of a considerable amount of water.

#### QUEEN EMMA.

In a country where every man is a sovereign royalty is regarded with very little favor, and royal visitors are received with more of curiosity than interest. Where there is no assumption of superiority, and no disposition to claim the prerogatives

of courtly authority on the part of those visitors we receive them cordially and accord to them the respect due to their rank; and so we have extended to the royal lady from the Sandwich Islands, now our guest, such a welcome as is due to herself as a woman and to the position she has occupied as the representative of power among a people toward whom all our sympathies turn. Queen Emma is the widow of the late Kamehameha IV., is about thirty years of age, and taking no active part in the affairs of State, devotes herself wholly to the instruction and improvement of her people. Her visit to England was mainly with a view to raise funds for missionary purposes, and she succeeded in obtaining about fifty thousand dollars. Her personal virtues and earnest devotion to the welfare of her race render her an object of special regard, and we accord to the woman what, perhaps, we would deny to the queen.

Our portrait will give our readers an idea of her personal appearance.

#### NASMYTH AND THE CANDLE-STICKS.

The inventor of the steam-hammer—that marvelous application of steam-power which has played so important a part in our mechanical and engineering enterprises—has recently related some anecdotes of his early labors, which are in the highest degree instructive and interesting. Mr. Nasmyth, who was the son of Alexander Nasmyth, the Scottish landscape painter, owed his original fondness for mechanical experiments to his father, who, when not engaged in painting, delighted to amuse himself with lathe-turning, or making mechanical models; but his chief good fortune was in having for a school companion the son of a small iron founder. In company with this lad, James Nasmyth, when only twelve years old, delighted to spend his half-holidays in the little foundry at Edinburgh; and here, by intently watching the workmen at their labors, he quickly learnt to turn out a number of ingenious articles in wood, brass, iron and steel. In working the latter material, he tells us that at the early age of eleven or twelve he had already acquired



NASMYTH AND THE CANDLESTICKS.



THE SWILL AND GARBAGE GATHERERS OF NEW YORK CITY.

considerable proficiency. At fifteen he made his first essay at constructing a miniature steam-engine. It had a cylinder of only one inch and three-quarters diameter, but it was really a working steam-engine, and performed useful service in grinding up the oil colors which the elder Nasmyth used in his painting. Subsequently he made other such working models for sale, and with the proceeds was enabled to pay the price of tickets of admission to the lectures on Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, delivered in the University of Edinburgh.

It was not until 1834, and when twenty-six years of age, that Mr. Nasmyth was enabled to start in business for himself in an humble way in Manchester—the city which has now so good reason to be proud of his name. All his engineering tools for commencing business were constructed by himself in Edinburgh, where his father was too poor to give him much assistance. It is related that on one occasion, being altogether without the means of obtaining material for making a brass wheel for a planing machine, he cast his eye upon a glistening row of antique candlesticks made of this metal, which stood in orderly arrangement upon the mantelpiece of the kitchen in his father's house.

and wooden peg, no sooner was his back turned than the peg was drawn and the gate undone. At length, tired of being so often beaten, the man barred the entrance to the shed with a heavy rail. This was a sorry trial to the poor pony; and the man looked on from a little distance with a complacent smile, and rubbed his hands with glee at the victory he had at last achieved, as he saw the pony make fruitless efforts to lift the heavy rail with her neck. Her strength was unequal to this, and she seemed at once to give it up in despair, for she turned round and trotted off to her companion. But what was the astonishment of the groom to see her return to the rail with help. She had persuaded her friend, the other Norwegian pony, to come to her aid. They both together put their necks under the rail, and now what one could not accomplish the combined strength of the two achieved—the rail was thrown down, and the way to the corn cleared!

I do not know what means at length succeeded in baffling the pony; but when no longer able to come to the door, she managed to take down the shutter of the shed and feast her eyes at any rate upon the corn.

On a subsequent occasion, when these two Norwegian ponies were confined in a yard, they so repeatedly unfastened the gate (whatever might be the new device of the groom to render it secure) and made their escape, that nothing would avail but to nail it up with some stout nails, when all other means had been tried and failed.

#### KANDYAN CHIEFS.

SAVAGES of all nations and countries resemble one another in their disposition to wear uncouth ornaments and disfigure their persons. Their idea of greatness is in becoming repulsive; they wish to be feared rather than loved, and generally they are hideous enough to frighten anything possessed of sensibility.

#### KANDYAN CHIEFS.

They were of good metal, and were just the thing for his purpose; but to hint at melting them down was to propose a sort of sacrilege, for Alexander Nasmyth had had, as he said, "many a crack" with the poet Burns while these family candlesticks had stood upon the table. At the mother's request, however, the sacrifice was consented to; the candlesticks were carried off at once to the little workshop, and recast into the wheel of the planing machine, which was recently still to be seen in one of the workshops of Mr. Nasmyth, in Manchester.

#### AN INGENIOUS PONY.

EVERY fresh instance of the wonderful sagacity of animals must be interesting to those who make natural history their study. Numerous as are the extraordinary cases of instinct remarked by many persons, yet every new instance, as it comes home to one, seems stronger than before, till at length the boundary line between reason and instinct becomes very narrow and ill-defined. The following account of the sagacity of a Norwegian pony is a forcible illustration of the power of adapting means to ends which animals frequently display:

During the last summer, autumn and winter, while their masters were abroad, this pony, in company with another, brought at the same time from Norway, had a holiday at grass. They not only enjoyed perfect rest from work, but very soon perfect liberty; insasmuch as no common or uncommon fastening, no devices of the groom availed. They could unfasten, undo, or untie every gate, and ranged at will wherever their inclination led them. For some time they were the companions of a foal last year, which, being a great beauty, was treated to two feeds of corn every day, a luxury denied to the ponies; but one of them, not understanding the meaning of such partiality, and having been brought up with somewhat of republican opinions, always contrived to get through the door of the shed which divided her from the foal's dinner, and to share the oats with him. Various were the contrivances of the groom to baffle the pony's ingenuity, but they all signally failed. If he tied the door with a stout rope, the pony knew how to pick out the knot with her teeth; if he fastened it with a chain and staple

Our engraving represents some Ceylonese chiefs, who evidently belong to a low type of humanity. They are types of the past, however, as Western customs have changed the former order of things, and modern civilization has dissipated an effete barbarism.

#### A HAWAIIAN IDOL.

FIFTY years ago the people of the Sandwich Islands worshiped such senseless monstrosities as the specimen presented in another column. Today a prominent personage of those same islands is receiving the hospitality and attention of our authorities and the respect of our citizens. The contrast is a striking one, but we will not pursue its lessons. The idol above-mentioned was taken from one of the houses where such images were kept, and brought to Boston, some years ago. It is of stone, and upward of six feet high, and altogether a revolting object.

#### ONLY HUMAN.

"WELL, if Charley thinks I am perfect, I am sorry, that is all; for he will find himself sadly mistaken," said Carrie Armstrong.

"That is just what I told him, Carrie," said her cousin Ethel. "Though you have as few faults as most of us, you are not a divinity by any means; and, can you believe it, he was quite offended at my frankness, and said I was wanting in true affection and regard for his promised wife; that I was hypocritical in professing so much where it did not exist, when it was only for his happiness and yours that I spoke as I did."

"I shall try to make Charley happy, and I believe I shall, in a measure, succeed," replied Carrie; "but you know, Ethel, what a hasty temper I have; I am afraid I shall not control it any better.

There was perhaps a fault somewhere in her early training—for Carrie was the eldest—and a whole troop of uncles and aunts, besides her



GREAT IDOL AT THE MISSIONARY HOUSE, HAWAII.

parents and grandparents, had felt themselves authorized to assist in molding her young mind; and what with plenty of petting and but little correction, she had grown to womanhood without being wholly able to control the whirlwind of temper that sometimes led astray her better judgment and really good nature.

From her earliest remembrance she had heard her parents repeat the wonders of her childhood, conspicuous among which were her mad freaks of willfulness, when in childish rage she would throw herself upon the floor, or hide in some cheerless, out-of-the-way place till her temper had expended itself; and she often wished, as she grew older, that instead of fostering this disposition, there had always been a faithful application of Solomon's remedy.

But Carrie was a lovely girl, for all that, and a general favorite, and the two bridesmaids who sat upon either side of her, their fingers busy in setting the last stitches in an elegant morning-robe, that was to compose a part of the bridal trousseau, loved her with true sisterly affection, and were almost as deeply blinded to her faults as the prospective bridegroom himself. And William, her brother, who walked up and down in the shadows of the creepers that covered the veranda lattice, and gave vent to the half-epithet, half-complimentary words, prided himself in his beautiful sister, whose life outnumbered his but two years, and hers had barely reached its twenty-second year; and there was a feeling of regret, not unmixed with envy, that another had come between himself in the affections over which he had so long reigned supreme.

All the long summer afternoon the three fair girls had plied their needles in the pleasant drawing-room, and as the breeze which had been blowing freshly from the south had died out, they gathered up their work and came out upon the balcony, to await the arrival of the three gentlemen who were coming to tea, and to complete the arrangements for the wedding, that was to take place the next Tuesday.

Carrie's father was not a wealthy man, neither was her future and Carrie, with com-



THE PONY'S INGENUITY.



SHOOTING THE RAPIDS OF THE DAGUA, NEW GRANADA.

mendable economy, was always busy, and her fingers fashioned the beautiful garments with light, happy smiles, and merry snatches of song breaking over her ruby lips, and with many a bright plan for the new home that was in store for her. And it was an allusion to these pleasant anticipations that called up the remarks with which our story opens.

And so the girls sat in the departing sunlight and chatted gravely or gayly, as the case might be, and William went in and sat down in the parlor to read the paper, and Charles Kimball lay still upon the garden seat, a little way from the house, so screened by the leafy shrubs that he could not catch a glimpse of it, but so near that the merry voices came drifting down to his half-listening ears. A bright crimson spot burned in each cheek, and a look of regret and wonder mingled with the puzzled expression upon his face. He had come up the walk just before the girls came out upon the balcony, and finding he was rather early, he sat down on the garden chair, to wait the arrival of his friends. Of course he had heard all they said, and the sting they gave made him forget for the moment they were not intended for his ears, and that he had no right to be listening to the conversation.

"I wonder if it is possible that I have been so deceived, or am I blinded, as they say?" he muttered to himself; and then a quick step sounded down the walk, and a light figure brushed so near that he could hear the rustle of her garments, and a happy voice warbled the lines of his favorite song as she stood leaning over the gate, watching, as he knew, for him, he arose and walked down to the other end of the garden, with the words running through his thoughts, though his lips did not move, "No, no; Carrie is all my fond imagination has pictured her. I will not believe their foolish jests." He thought he did not, but there was a shadow upon his face that evening, a ranking memory in his breast; and he watched Carrie so narrowly, that the look pained her.

It was strange the young man should have fancied the woman of his choice more than human; but it seemed he had, for he supposed her an exception to all else—perfect, where every one beside erred. Perhaps it was well he heard those words, else the awakening might have been too sudden. He had been married two months before it came, for Carrie kept a watchful guard upon her heart, a seal upon her lips. She remembered what her cousin Ethel had said, and she dreaded to undeceive the lover-husband, who still continued every kind attention as before their marriage, and lavished upon her many endearing words that are so sweet to a wife's heart. Everything was new and beautiful about her home. Her father had furnished it just to the taste of his child; and it seemed as if Carrie, without being too ungenerous and unamiable, could not find any excuse for the ebullition of that temper, which she so often called the bane of her life, the gloomy nightshade that hung about her, poisoning where all else would be light and joy.

She had erred, also, in expecting too much from her husband, though she had never acknowledged it even to herself; and there were faults in him that startled, almost shocked her; but she bore with them rationally, lest in correcting, the cloven foot, which she had been hiding so effectually, should peep out. She had known Charles but a year, and their intercourse had not been so familiar as to bring out the faults in each; but one morning after Charles had gone to his place of business, she found his wardrobe in disorder, his dressing-table covered with various et ceteras, which he had not thought of returning to their proper place, his desk in confusion, half the papers she had carefully tied together and placed in their several compartments strewn over the floor, where he had left them after searching for a missing bill, his dressing-gown thrown upon a coat, which she intended he should only wear upon extraordinary occasions, now filled with innumerable wrinkles, which required many a shake, that she gave with a great deal of vehemence, to remove. Perhaps it was good employment, though rather destructive to the garment, for her temper subsided by the time it was restored to its wardrobe, and she went singing about her morning work as though nothing had happened to ruffle the serenity of her married life.

Charles was extremely careless at home, but he thought that no great failure. He had a neat, graceful form, and was called a well-dressed man abroad, but he was not conscious of the amount of labor it had caused his mother and his wife to enable him to deserve that appellation.

He was forgetful, too; and this tried Carrie's patience extremely. She was sure, whatever she attempted to do, to find herself deficient in something that called to remembrance her husband's promise to bring it several days before, and she was often obliged to drop her work, dress, and walk out to obtain the necessary article. The first part of her walk was usually rapid, to keep pace with the uncomfortable state of her mind; but in this her temper gradually subsided, and Charles never knew it had been aroused. And, after all, she would think that they were trifling things, and she felt that she had reason for great thankfulness in others; and so has many another young wife whose husband is only thoughtless and careless, where all over our land pure, loving wives are yoked to miserable, inconstant, dissipated, unprincipled men.

Carrie had been Mrs. Kimball two months. It had been a busy day with her, for her husband had brought home a party of friends to dinner, and she was anxious that Charles should not be alone in his good opinion of her housewifery; and as the work depended upon her busy hands, the task had been a little too hard, and left a slight shadow of discomfort upon her mind as well as body. Charles was at home; and as the autumn evening was chilly, a fire had been kindled in the drawing-room, and the husband had drawn the table near the fire, and was employed in writing,

while Carrie sat opposite, toying with some light netting. She asked her husband some question that chanced to come into her mind, and he rested his pen upon the edge of the inkstand while he replied. In doing this, he bent forward, and overturned the contents of the inkstand upon the table. Two great drops of ink fell upon the carpet before Carrie could place her hand before it and stay its rapid progress toward the edge of the table.

"Oh, you careless creature!" she exclaimed. "I should like to know what is the use of trying to have anything decent about this house!" and she hastily tore the evening paper in two, and applied it to the inky pool. There was a frown upon her face, a passionate flush in her eye; her manner was determined, and she evidently took as much pains as possible to make the task occasioned by his carelessness seem very formidable. "I should like to know the number of times I have taken your pen out of the inkstand, or requested you to do so," she continued; "but I hope you are satisfied, now you have spoilt this table."

"Keep on; say all you have to say," returned her husband. "I will do my writing at the office in future."

As there was not the slightest trace of ink now upon anything but Carrie's slender fingers, and she was twisting and turning the inky paper, as if her life depended upon removing the stains, Charles's conscience was not overburdened with guilt or penitence; so he removed the offending pen and ink from the mantel, and returned to his writing without another word; indeed, as Carrie thought, just as if nothing had happened; yet she could not see that the lines increased very fast upon the blank paper before him. She did not resume her work, but sat before the fire, tapping her foot restlessly upon the hearth-rug, her anger gradually wearing itself into a feeling of shame, regret, and repentance, for having at last opened her husband's eyes to that evil in her nature she had so long overcome, or rather concealed, for its fires had been smoldering all the while. She could see in the partially shaded face of her husband a change—whether of anger, astonishment, or sorrow, she could not tell; perhaps it was the three combined; so, after waiting a little time, gathering courage and inclination, too, she crept around to his side, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, she whispered:

"Forgive me, Charley; I am sorry I spoke so sharply."

The face to which the husband raised his eyes betrayed the heartfelt sorrow, and he replied, only a little coldly:

"Nothing to forgive, Carrie. I am a careless fellow, I know."

As Carrie could not truthfully gainsay the remark, there fell a silence between them, and she thought it was as though the thoughtless words had not escaped her. But could she have pulled aside the veil from her husband's heart, she would have trembled at the height from which she had fallen.

Carrie was watchful and prayerful after this, for she was quite in earnest about overcoming her temper, but the growth of more than twenty years, firmly rooted, too, by nature, could not be torn up in a day.

Charles saw the flash of those beautiful eyes, the pout of those small lips, and the hasty, passionate movements, many times, when there were no words spoken; and then there would be sharp, thoughtless words upon his wife's part, and harsh recriminations sometimes upon his, though not always, for he was not hasty like her, though his disposition was not a whit better. But when it did once get the better of him, he was sullen and disagreeable for a long time, during which Carrie would become vexed and pleased half-a-dozen times.

They were going to a concert one evening, and Carrie had prepared tea earlier than usual, dressed herself with unusual taste, and taking a book, sat waiting her husband's return. She was interested in it at first, but soon her eyes began to wander more and more frequently toward the small bronze clock that stood upon the mantel, as she saw the hour for the opening of the concert was drawing near, and still her husband did not come.

She became alarmed at his long absence, and worked herself into a fever of impatience and uneasiness. It was half an hour beyond the time, when her husband came in a little hurriedly, but as if it was nothing unusual.

"Did you think I was never coming, Carrie?" he said. "The fact is, I fell in with an old chum just after leaving the office, and nothing would do but I must go to his hotel with him, and listen to a great project he is about setting on foot. He is coming to dine to-morrow."

"Well, you are a nice man, that's what you are," returned Carrie; and she drew herself up to her full height, and away from the loving embrace her husband had prepared for her. "You knew I had set my heart upon that concert."

"Oh, forgive me, darling! I never once thought of it," said he, and his voice expressed the regret which he really felt.

"No, I'll warrant you did not," said Carrie. "You never do think of anything I particularly want. I never did see such a forgetful man. I wonder you ever get on in business at all. Last week I nearly caught my death going out in the rain to get some articles which I wanted for a troop of your friends, and which I had told you repeatedly we were out of. I thought, after we had such a quarrel over that, you would have remembered it for a while. But it is just as well. Come on to your tea."

Carrie threw open the folding-door, and seated herself in her accustomed place at table, with an angry flush all over her face.

"You may take your tea alone," said Charles, "unless you can be a little more amiable."

Mr. Kimball closed the door with a jar that was neither very harsh nor very soft. He sat

down before the cheerful fire, folded his arms, and fixed his eyes moodily upon the flame that went dancing up the chimney, sending out at the same time a cheering, refreshing warmth. There was a feeling of oppressive gloom upon his spirits; it seemed to him that thought was wholly suspended by its weight.

His wife sat still in her place at the tea-table. She had not tasted a mouthful, though she had poured out her tea and helped herself to the cake; but by that time her resentment had begun to give place to softened emotions, and her appetite was gone; so she, too, sat still, but she was thinking—thinking how strange it was she could not control herself better; thinking how unhappy she had made herself, and her husband, too, and by-and-by she rose up softly and stole into the room. Her husband expected her. He knew about how long it took for her anger to subside, so he took a book from the table and appeared absorbed in its contents. In truth, his temper was just getting to its height.

Carrie often ended the scene of her wrath with a burst of tears, but she did not do so to-night. Her face was very calm and more thoughtful than usual. She drew a chair in front of her husband, and quietly took the book from his hands.

"You expect me to say I am sorry now, Charley," she said, "but I shall say no such thing, though I am; but you and I have made a sad mistake in marrying each other."

Mr. Kimball started up in surprise. Had Carrie then ceased to love him, and learned so soon to regret that he was her husband? The very thought startled him.

"Carrie, Carrie," said he, "has it come to this so soon?" He put out his arm and drew her to him, as if afraid he was to lose her. "I ought to have made you a better husband," he added.

"I do not mean that," she replied; "but the mistake was in our expecting too much of each other. You once remarked to your cousin Ethel that you had yet to learn of one fault in your affianced bride, and Ethel remonstrated with you to no purpose. I was nearly, if not quite, as blind to your faults; and though I have tried (Heaven only knows how hard) to curb my willful temper, I have failed often, and made you unhappy and myself miserable. You, dear husband, must be aware that you have faults, though they are not half so bad as mine; but it is so annoying sometimes to see you so careless, and you do not know how many unnecessary steps you cause me, Charley. This tries my temper. Then you will so often forget the little errands, though you are always kind to bring me a new book or piece of music, or something that you think will please me. Now we must help each other. You must help me to be more patient and to take these little trials more easily, and I, in turn, will help you to overcome whatever I see amiss in you. Shall we make a new bargain?" she said, lifting her bright eyes to his face with a bewitching grace.

"Yes, my dear little wife, we will," he replied. "I believe we can help each other: at least I know you can help me if you will only bear with my infirmities a little. I can see how wrong we have been in expecting perfection in each other, forgetting all the while we are only human, and that so long as we live in this world we shall have sins and imperfections to overcome."

After this the reader, if he will, may imagine perfect harmony in the little household; but it is doubtful if it was wholly so. There will be occasional jars and discordant notes in the sweetest melody sometimes, and the best we can do to restore the lost harmony is not to expect more of others than we are ready or willing to give or do ourselves. There is as much difference in the natural dispositions of persons as in their faces, and we cannot judge of another's shortcomings by our own: for what we possess in a large degree in another may be wholly wanting; and, while the faults of others may seem of great magnitude in our eye, we may commit some which, in their sight, are far greater. Thus should we, at all times, be willing to compromise with our friends upon the plea of common humanity.

#### TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

A YOUNG man recently ran away from the galley at Toulouse. He was strong and vigorous, and soon made his way across the country, and escaped pursuit. He arrived the next morning before a cottage, in an open field, and stopped to beg something to eat and get a refuge, while he reposed a little. But he found the inmates of the cottage in the greatest distress. Four little children sat trembling in the corner, their mother was weeping and tearing her hair, and the father walking the floor in agony. The galley-slave asked what was the matter, and the father replied that they were that morning to be turned out of doors because they could not pay the rent.

"You see me driven to despair," said the father; "my wife and little children without food or shelter, and I without means to provide any for them."

The convict listened to the tale with tears of sympathy, and then said:

"I will give you the means. I have but just escaped from the galley. Whoever secures and takes back an escaped prisoner is entitled to a reward of fifty francs. How much does your rent amount to?"

"Forty francs," answered the father.

"Well," said the other, "put a cord around my body. I will follow you to the city, where they will recognize me, and you will get fifty francs for bringing me back."

"No, never!" exclaimed the astonished listener;

"my children should starve a dozen times before I would do so base a thing."

The generous young man insisted, and declared he would go and give himself up if the father would not consent to take him.

After a long struggle the latter yielded, and, taking his preserver by the arm, led him to the city and to the mayor's office. Every body was surprised that a little man like the latter had been able to capture such a strong young fellow; but the proof was before them. The fifty francs were paid, and the prisoner sent back to the galley. But, after he was gone, the father asked a private interview with the mayor, to whom he told the whole story. The mayor was so much affected that he not only added fifty francs more to the father's purse, but wrote immediately to the Minister of Justice, begging the noble young prisoner's release.

The minister examined into the affair, and, finding that it was comparatively a small offense which had condemned the young man to the galley, and that he had already served out half his time, ordered his release. Is not the whole incident beautiful?

#### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A COUNTRY dentist advertises that he "spares no pains" to render his operations satisfactory.

THESE people live uncommonly long in Vermont. There are two men there so old that they have quite forgotten who they are, and there is nobody alive who can remember it for them.

THE reason why so few literary men are bred to their profession, is because the profession is very rarely bred to them.

A CONSCIENTIOUS lady excuses her extreme love for diamonds and other precious stones, by saying: "They are the only bright things on earth which never fade."

"PARTY TIES."—White chokers.

THE HEIGHT OF PATIENCE.—A deaf man waiting to hear the ticking of a sun-dial.

BENEVOLENCE.—A very benevolent old lady has taken the idea into her head of knitting a pair of hose for a fire-engine.

TURTLE SOUP.—English tavern-keepers simply give notice by public advertisement of the intention to "dress a fine lively turtle" on such a day; but the Yankee, more astrologically, writes in chalk upon the devoted animal's back, "Soup to-morrow," and places him on parade before his hotel; thus making him a party to his own murder, and deluding him, in defiance of all the laws of nations, to advertise his own execution.

AT a recent public meeting, an eloquent advocate of popular education thus delivered himself:

"Mr. President, I rise to get up, and am not backward to come forward in the cause of education; for had it not been for education, I should be as ignorant as you are, Mr. President."

THERE is a story that, one day, a woman went to Brigham Young for counsel touching some alleged oppression by an officer of the church. Brigham, like a true politician, assumed to know her; but when it became necessary to record her case, hesitated, and said: "Let me see, sister, I forgot your name."

"My name!" was the indignant reply. "Why I am your wife!"

"Where did I marry you?"

The woman informed the "President," who referred to an account-book in the desk, and then said:

"Well, I believe you are right. I knew your face was familiar."

#### DELICATELY, BUT FORCIBLY PUT.

Frank—"Whose dog is this, Miss Mary, that I have picked up from under the table?"

Miss Mary—"My dog, Mr. Frank."

Frank—"Your dog! What a little beauty! Isn't there some saying about 'Loving me and loving my dog'?" Yes? I thought so! The blind and passionate adoration I feel toward this delightful little quadruped is becoming positively frantic, I give you my word of honor!"

"I SAY, milkman, you give your cows too much salt."

"Why? How do you know how much I give them?"

"I judge from the appearance of the milk you bring us lately. Salt makes the cows dry, and then they drink too much water; that makes their milk thin, you know."

WHEN is a sick man a contradiction? When he is an impatient patient.

A SWEET but unrefined young woman should be sent to a sugar refinery.

WHEN does a farmer act with great rudeness toward his corn? When he pulls its ears.

NEARLY all our silver, judging from the difficulty of holding it in one's grasp, must be quicksilver.

THE STORMS of adversity are wholesome, though, like snow-storms, their drifts are not always seen.

THOUGH men boast of holding the reins, women generally tell them which way they must drive.

AN IRISH LADY remarked that it is a great pleasure to be alone, especially when your sweetheart is wid ye."

HE who sets up a carriage at the suggestion of his vanity, generally sets it down at the suggestion of his creditors.

"YOUR horse has a tremendous long bit," said a friend to Theodore Hook.

"Yes," said he, "it is a bit too long."

WHY should potatoes grow better than other vegetables? Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

"DON'T you think, husband, that you are apt to believe everything you hear?"

"No, madam, not when you talk."

### A SKETCH OF THE JAMAICA PARLIAMENT.

DELIBERATIVE assemblies are not always marked by a due regard to propriety, and the excitement of debate, or of something more potent, seems to produce similar results the world over. A late traveler through Jamaica thus records his experience among the law-makers of that colony, which reminds us of scenes that are sometimes witnessed in our own Congress:

The House of Assembly and the Chamber of the Legislative Council are both situated in the same square with the Governor's mansion in Spanish Town. They are yellow buildings, erected at considerable expense, and not without some pretense. But nevertheless, they are ugly—ugly from their color, ugly from the heat, and ugly from a certain heaviness which seems natural to them and to the place.

The house itself, in which the forty-seven members sit, is comfortable enough, and not badly adapted for its purposes. The Speaker sits at one end all in full fig, with a clerk at the table below; opposite to him, two-thirds down the room, a low bar, about four feet high, runs across it. As far as it is the public are always admitted; and when any subject of special interest is under discussion, twelve or fifteen persons may be seen there assembled. Then there is a side-room opening from the house, into which members take their friends. Indeed, it is, I believe, generally open to any one wearing a decent coat. There is the Delmonico of the establishment, in which honorable members take such refreshment as the warmth of the debate may render necessary. Their tastes seemed to me to be simple, and to addict themselves chiefly to rum and water.

I was throwing away my cigar as I entered the precincts of the house. "Oh, you can smoke," said my friend to me; "only, when you stand at the doorway, don't let the Speaker's eye catch the light; but it won't much matter." So I walked on, and stood at the side-door, smoking my cigar indeed, but conscious that I was desecrating the place.

I saw five or six colored gentlemen in the house, and two negroes—sitting in the house as members. As far as the two latter men were concerned, I could not but be gratified to see them in the fair enjoyment of the objects of a fair ambition. Had they not by efforts of their own made themselves greatly superior to others of their race, they would not have been there. I say this, fearing that it may be thought that I begrudge a black man such a position. I beg your pardon; but I think that we shall benefit neither them nor ourselves by attempting with a false philanthropy to make them out to be other than they are.

The subject under debate was a railway bill. The railway system is not very extended in the island; but there is a railway, and the talk was of prolonging it. Indeed, the house, I believe, had on some previous occasion decided that it should be prolonged, and the present fight was as to some particular detail. What that detail was I did not learn, for the business being performed was a continual series of motions for adjournment carried on by a victorious minority of three.

It was clear that the conquered majority of—say thirty—was very angry. For some reason, appertaining probably to the tactics of the house, these thirty were exceedingly anxious to have some special point carried and put out of the way that night, but the three were inexorable. Two of the three spoke continually, and ended every speech with a motion for adjournment.

And then one of the black gentlemen arose, and made a calm, deliberate little oration. The words he spoke were about the wisest which were spoken that night, and yet they were not very wise. He offered to the house a few platitudes on the general benefit of railways, which would have applied to any railway under the sun, saying that eggs and fowls would be taken to market; and then he sat down. On his behalf I must declare that there were no other words of such wisdom spoken that night. But this relief lasted only for three minutes.

After a while two members coming to the door declared that it was becoming unbearable, and carried me away to play whist. "My place is close by," said one, "and if the row becomes hot we shall hear it. It is dead silent to stay there with such an object, and with the certainty of missing one's object after all." As I was inclined to agree with him, I went away and played whist.

But soon a storm of voices reached our ears round the car—aable. "They are hard at it now," said one honorable member. "That's So-and-So, by the screech." The yell might have been heard at Kingston, and no doubt was.

"Will they pitch into one another?" I asked, thinking of scenes which I had read in another country. "They don't often do that," said my friend. "They trust entirely to their voices; but there's no knowing." The temptation was too much for me, so I threw down my cards and rushed back to the Assembly. When I arrived the louder portion of the noise was being made by one gentleman, who was walking round and round the chamber, swearing in a loud voice that he would resign the very moment the Speaker was seated in the chair—for at that time the house was in committee.

"Shameful, abominable, scandalous, rascally!" shouted the angry gentleman, over and over again, as he paced round and round the chamber. "Sir, come and have a drink of rum and water."

In his angry wanderings, his steps had brought him to the door at which I was standing, and these last words were addressed to me. "Come and have a drink of rum and water," and he seized me with a hospitable violence by the arm. I did not dare to deny so angry a guest, and I drank the rum and water. Then I returned to my cards.

DISTRIBUTION OF PREMIUMS.—Our readers will permit us to draw their attention to the advertisement of the Opening Fair and Distribution of Premiums, to commence in this city, 24th September next, under the management of J. R. Hawley & Co., old and popular Cincinnati merchants, who have too much reputation at stake, to say nothing of the deserved character of the project, to let it be any other than a straightforward, upright and business-like transaction. Those who patronize this Distribution of Premiums may rely upon being fairly dealt with. The advertisement explains the matter in detail.—*Cincinnati Weekly Times*.

WHAT a man should be alphabetically: Affectionate, Bold, Candid, Daring, Enterprising, Faithful, Grateful, Hilarious, Indefatigable, Just, Kind, Loving, Moral, Noble, Obliging, Polite, Quick, Religious, Sociable, Timid, Upright, Valiant, Watchful, Xemplary, Y's and Zealous.

When you are depressed by the gaunt, sickly feeling of a disordered system, which needs to be caressed and stimulated into healthy action, take a dose or two of AYER'S PILLS, and see how quick you can be restored for a shilling.

### Economy!! Sensible!!!

Hereafter I will have my medicines put up in Stoekel's Patent Graduated bottles. Why? Because I can get a bottle already graduated, at a trifling expense over a plain bottle, and thereby have a graduate measure at home. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

565-71 BAGERTY BROTHERS, Agents, N. Y.

### Barnum's New American Museum.

Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets.

Coolest place of enjoyment in the city. The old Museum excelled in attraction by the new and present Temple of Amusement. The latest accession of curiosities, purchased at an enormous expense, is the entire collection of the late Gordon Cumming, the great Lion Slayer, consisting of the Heads, Horns, Tusks, Skins, etc., of the Hippopotamus, Rhinoceroses, Elephants, Giraffes, Lions, Leopards and other African animals, numbering over 3,000 specimens, slain by this intrepid hunter during 15 years' hunting in Africa, and made a story by his reckless daring. A new and spacious Saloon is added, in which to exhibit these great Curiosities without extra charge. To perpetuate the memory of heroes, Miller's National Bronze Portrait Galery, containing Bronze Portraits of all the celebrated Union Generals, has been opened. In the magnificent Lecture Room, another change! Another week of novelty! Variety! variety! variety! Two new Pantomimes. Mr. G. L. Fox, Miss Kate Pennoyer, Mr. C. K. Fox, the Grand Pantomime Company in new characters! new characters! Every afternoon at 2; evening at 8. The great Comic Pantomime, entitled THE GOLDEN AXE. Wonderful Tricks, Mysterious Transformations, and Gorgeous Scenic Effects. Dance by the Littleton Wonder, Gen. Grant, Jun. Master Albie Turner, Infant Drummer. To conclude with the Ballet Pantomime of the FRISKY COBBLER, full of Mirth and Merriment. New Accession of Curiosities. To be seen at all hours, a Mammoth Fat Child, 3 years old, who is 196 lbs.; 3 Dwarfs, Glassblowers, Circassian Girl, Living Birds of Rare Plumage; African Crowned Cranes, Black Swans, the African Vulture, the Adjutant; 100 Living Monkeys. Just arrived, the greatest assortment of Monster Snakes ever seen in America; 120 Portraits of N. A. Indian Chiefs, Coonamoras, Learned Seal, Happy Family, Grand Aquaria, Wax Figures, Geological, Conchological and Numismatic Collections, Historical Relics, 100,000 other Curiosities.

Admission, 30 cents; children under ten, 15 cents.

**Holloway's Pills.**—Cholera or griping of the bowels.—Laudanum may lull the pain but not destroy it. Morphine seeps the senses in artificial sleep, without refreshing the invalid. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS not only procure the same results without the baneful effects, but so entirely extinguish the elements of the disease as to promote a speedy cure without danger of relapse.

### ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.

LAME BACK.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23, 1866.

T. ALCOCK & Co.—Gentlemen: I lately suffered severely from a weakness in my back. Having heard your plasters much recommended for cases of this kind, I procured one, and the result was all I could desire. A single plaster cured me in a week. Yours respectfully,

J. G. BRIGGS, Proprietor of the Brandreth House.

### CURE OF CRICK IN THE BACK AND LUMBAGO.

LYONS, New York, July 4, 1862.

MESSES. ALLCOCK & Co.: Please send me a dollar's worth of your plasters. They have cured me of a crick in my back, which has troubled me for some time, and now my father is going to try them for difficulty about his heart.

L. H. SHERWOOD.

Dr. Green, No. 883 Broadway, New York, informs us he sold, on Monday, June 22d, 1862, two plasters to a young woman suffering very severely from lumbago. On Thursday she called to get two more for a friend, and then stated how the two she had purchased on Monday had relieved her immediately after putting them on, and CURED HER IN TWO DAYS OF A MOST DISTRESSING PAIN IN HER BACK AND LOINS.

Sold by all Druggists.

### FELLOW'S ORIGINAL

### WORM LOZENGES.

We can with confidence point to FELLOW'S WORM LOZENGES as the most perfect remedy for those troublesome pests, Intestinal Worms.

After years of careful experiment, success has crowned our efforts, and we now offer to the world a confection without a single fault, being safe, convenient, effectual and pleasant. No injurious result can occur, let them be used in whatever quantity. Not a particle of calomel enters their composition. They may be used without further preparation, and at any time. Children will eagerly devour all you give them, and ask for more. They never fail in expelling Worms from their dwelling-place, and they will always strengthen the weak and emaciated, even when he is not afflicted with worms.

Price 25 cents per box; five for \$1. A liberal discount to the trade.

In New Brunswick (British Provinces), where these Lozenges were first introduced, and their great value as a Worm Specific discovered, there has been over one hundred gross a year used. Hereafter they will be manufactured at the New England Botanic Depot, Boston, Mass., under the supervision of the Proprietor, 565-73 GEO. W. SWETT, M.D.

### FIRST PREMIUM.

IMPROVED

### \$5 SEWING MACHINE! \$5

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AN UNKNOWN  
SUICIDE.

An unknown man shot himself in New Haven, July 30th, of whom the following description has been sent us by the police of that city, together with his portrait, which is shown on this page.

He was supposed to have been a German, about thirty years of age, five feet eight inches in height, broad-shouldered and well formed, with dark brown hair and whiskers. He was dressed in light gray mixed pants and vest, heavy dark-blue sack-coat, and round-topped soft hat. From fragments of paper found near the body, it is supposed his initials were J. H. B. Any person recognizing this description, will confer a favor by communicating with George M. White, Chief of Police New Haven, Conn.



AN UNKNOWN SUICIDE IN NEW HAVEN, CONN.  
PHOTOGRAPHED BY PECK BROS.

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